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by

Barker Fairley

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Volume XXX, *Number* 2, *January*, 1961

contents

University of Toronto Quarterly

The Structure of Imagery in *The Faerie Queene* 109/Northrop Frye

Spenser's Gardens of Adonis: Force and Form in the Renaissance Imagination 128/Harry Berger, Jr.

Eliot and Milton: The American Aspect 150/Herbert Howarth

Sydney Dobell and the Victorian Epic 163/Robert Preyer

Sir Thomas Browne as "Orphan," with Some Account of his Stepfather, Sir Thomas Dutton 180/N. J. Endicott

REVIEW ARTICLE

Romantic Heresy and Critical Orthodoxy 211/Milton Wilson

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The issue for April will include a special supplement on the Far East, with articles on Chinese history, politics, and literature by JOSEPH R. LEVENSON, ALBERT FEUERWERKER, M. H. VON DER VALK, W. A. C. H. DOBSON, DAVID HAWKES, *and* P. D. HANAN, *and a survey of modern Japanese literature by* DONALD KEENE.

NORTHROP FRYE

The Structure of Imagery in The Faerie Queene

The Faerie Queene, long as it is, is not nearly as long as the poem that Spenser intended to write, according to his letter to Raleigh and two of the *Amoretti* sonnets. It therefore at once raises the problem of whether the poem as it now stands is unfinished or merely uncompleted. If merely uncompleted, then it still may be a unity, like a torso in sculpture; if unfinished, then, as in Dickens' *Mystery of Edwin Drood*, certain essential clues to the total meaning are forever withheld from us.

Many readers tend to assume that Spenser wrote the poem in the same way that they read it, starting at the beginning and keeping on until he collapsed with exhaustion. But while *The Faerie Queene* probably evolved in a much more complicated way than that, there is no evidence of exhaustion. In the eightieth *Amoretti* sonnet he sounds winded, but not bored; and of course he is not the kind of poet who depends on anything that a Romantic would call inspiration. He is a professional poet, learned in rhetoric, who approaches his sublime passages with the nonchalance of a car-driver shifting into second gear. All the purple patches in Spenser—the temptations of Despair and Acrasia, the praise of Elizabeth in *Colin Clouts Come Home Again*, the "Bellona" passage in *The Shepheards Calender*—are deliberate rhetorical exercises. There may be passages in *The Faerie Queene* that *we* find dull, but there are very few in which Spenser's own standards are not met. In some cantos of the fifth book, perhaps, he sounds tired and irritable, as though he were preoccupied with his anxieties instead of his subject, and in these cantos there are lapses into muddled argument, tasteless imagery, and cacophonous doggerel. But on the whole no poem in English of comparable scope is more evenly sustained. Further, Spenser is not, like Coleridge, a poet of fragments. Just as there is a touch of Pope himself in Pope's admiration for "The spider's

Volume xxx, *Number* 2, *January*, 1961

touch, how exquisitely fine!," so there is a touch of Spenser himself in Spenser's admiration for the honey bee "Working her formal rooms in wexen frame." He thinks inside regular frameworks—the twelve months, the nine muses, the seven deadly sins—and he goes on filling up his frame even when his scheme is mistaken from the beginning, as it certainly is in *The Tears of the Muses*.

What can be said is that, as one virtue is likely to involve others, Spenser's scheme was bound to foreshorten as he went on. In the historical allegory he still had the Armada to deal with, but in the moral allegory there is already a good deal of inorganic repetition, especially in the symbols of evil (for example, the Occasion-Ate-Sclaunder sequence and the reduplicative foul monsters). In the first book he uses up so much of the structure of Biblical typology that he could hardly have written a second book in the area of revelation; and chastity and justice, each of which is described as the supreme virtue, almost exhaust the sources of plausible compliments to Elizabeth. Spenser may well have ended his sixth book realizing that he might not write any more of it, and designed its conclusion for either possibility. He provides himself, of course, with opportunities for carrying on the story. Apart from Prince Arthur himself, we have a fresh set of characters; a seventh book would doubtless have got some clothes on Serena, who is left nude and shivering at the end of the eighth canto; the poet hints that the baby rescued by Calepine may grow up to be the hero of a future legend; he allows the Blatant Beast to escape again. But there are many such dropped stitches in the plots of the other five books, and they do not interfere with our sense of their unity. At the same time the appearance of Spenser's "signature" in Colin Clout and two other symbols from *The Shepheards Calender*, the four Graces and the envious beast that barks at poets, make the end of the sixth book also a summing up and conclusion for the entire poem and for Spenser's poetic career. There is, at least, nothing in the poem as we now have it that seems to depend for its meaning on anything unwritten.

I shall assume, as a working hypothesis, that the six books we have form a unified epic structure, regardless of how much might have been added that wasn't. There are six books, and Spenser has a curious fondness for mentioning the number six: there are six counsellors of Lucifera, six couples in the masque of Cupid, two groups of six knights fighting Britomart, six judges at Cambell's tournament, six partisans of Marinell at Florimell's tournament, six grooms of Care, and so on. In most of these

groups there is a crucial seventh, and perhaps the *Mutabilitie Cantos* have that function in the total scheme of the epic. We shall probably never know on what manuscript evidence the publisher of the Folio numbered the two cantos of this poem six and seven. What we can see is that the *Mutabilitie Cantos* are certainly not a fragment: they constitute a single beautifully shaped poem that could not have had a more logical beginning, development, and end. It is entirely impossible that the last two stanzas could have been the opening stanzas of an eighth unfinished canto, as the rubric suggests. Nor is it possible that in their present form these cantos could have been the "core" of a seventh book, unless that book was inconceivably different in its structure from the existing ones. The poem brings us to the poet's "Sabbath's sight" after his six great efforts of creation, and there is nothing which at any point can be properly described as "unperfite."

To demonstrate a unity in *The Faerie Queene*, we have to examine the imagery of the poem rather than its allegory. It is Spenser's habitual technique, developing as it did out of the emblematic visions he wrote in his nonage, to start with the image, not the allegorical translation of it, and when he says at the beginning of the final canto of Book II:

> Now ginnes this goodly frame of Temperaunce
> Fayrely to rise

one feels that the "frame" is built out of the characters and places that are clearly announced to be what they are, not out of their moral or historical shadows. Spenser prefaces the whole poem with sonnets to possible patrons, telling several of them that they are in the poem somewhere, not specifying where: the implication is that for such readers the allegory is to be read more or less *ad libitum*. Spenser's own language about allegory, "darke conceit," "clowdily enwrapped," emphasizes its deliberate vagueness. We know that Belphoebe refers to Elizabeth: therefore, when Timias speaks of "her, whom the hevens doe serve and sew," is there, as one edition suggests, a reference to the storm that wrecked the Armada? I cite this only as an example of how subjective an allegorical reading can be. Allegory is not only often uncertain, however, but in the work of one of our greatest allegorical poets it can even be addled, as it is in *Mother Hubberds Tale*, where the fox and the ape argue over which of them is more like a man, and hence more worthy to wear the skin of a lion. In such episodes as the legal decisions of Artegall, too, we can see that Spenser,

unlike Milton, is a poet of very limited conceptual powers, and is helpless without some kind of visualization to start him thinking. I am far from urging that we should "let the allegory go" in reading Spenser, but it is self-evident that the imagery is prior in importance to it. One cannot begin to discuss the allegory without using the imagery, but one could work out an exhaustive analysis of the imagery without ever mentioning the allegory.

Our first step is to find a general structure of imagery in the poem as a whole, and with so public a poet as Spenser we should hardly expect to find this in Spenser's private possession, as we might with Blake or Shelley or Keats. We should be better advised to look for it in the axioms and assumptions which Spenser and his public shared, and which form the basis of its imaginative communication.[1] Perhaps the *Mutabilitie Cantos*, which give us so many clues to the sense of *The Faerie Queene* as a whole, will help us here also.

The action of the *Mutabilitie Cantos* embraces four distinguishable levels of existence. First is that of Mutability herself, the level of death, corruption, and dissolution, which would also be, if this poem were using moral categories, the level of sin. Next comes the world of ordinary experience, the nature of the four elements, over which Mutability is also dominant. Its central symbol is the cycle, the round of days, months, and hours which Mutability brings forth as evidence of her supremacy. In the cycle there are two elements: becoming or change, which is certainly Mutability's, and a principle of order or recurrence within which the change occurs. Hence Mutability's evidence is not conclusive, but could just as easily be turned against her. Above our world is upper nature, the stars in their courses, a world still cyclical but immortal and unchanged in essence. This upper world is all that is now left of nature as God originally created it, the state described in the Biblical story of Eden and the Classical myth of the Golden Age. Its regent is Jove, armed with the power which, in a world struggling against chaos and evil, is "the right hand of justice truly hight." But Jove, however he may bluster and threaten, has no authority over Mutability; that authority belongs to the goddess Nature, whose viceroy he is. If Mutability could be cast out of the world of ordinary experience, lower and upper nature would be reunited, man would re-enter the Golden Age, and the reign of "Saturn's son" would be replaced by that of Saturn. Above Nature is the real God, to whom Mutability appeals when she brushes Jove out of her way, who is invoked in the last stanza

of the poem, and who appears in the reference to the Transfiguration of Christ like a mirage behind the assembly of lower gods.

Man is born into the third of these worlds, the order of physical nature which is theologically "fallen" and under the sway of Mutability. But though in this world he is not of it: he really belongs to the upper nature of which he formed part before his fall. The order of physical nature, the world of animals and plants, is morally neutral: man is confronted from his birth with a moral dialectic, and must either sink below it into sin or rise above it into his proper human home. This latter he may reach by the practice of virtue and through education, which includes law, religion, and everything the Elizabethans meant by art. The question whether this "art" included what we mean by art, poetry, painting, and music, was much debated in Spenser's day, and explains why so much of the criticism of the period took the form of apologetic. As a poet, Spenser believed in the moral reality of poetry and in its effectiveness as an educating agent; as a Puritan, he was sensitive to the abuse and perversion of art which had raised the question of its moral value in the first place, and he shows his sense of the importance of the question in his description of the Bower of Bliss.

Spenser means by "Faerie" primarily the world of realized human nature. It is an "antique" world, extending backward to Eden and the Golden Age, and its central figure of Prince Arthur was chosen, Spenser tells us, as "furthest from the daunger of envy, and suspition of present time." It occupies the same space as the ordinary physical world, a fact which makes contemporary allusions possible, but its time sequence is different. It is not timeless: we hear of months or years passing, but time seems curiously foreshortened, as though it followed instead of establishing the rhythm of conscious life. Such foreshortening of time suggests a world of dream and wishfulfilment, like the fairylands of Shakespeare's comedies. But Spenser, with his uneasy political feeling that the price of authority is eternal vigilance, will hardly allow his virtuous characters even to sleep, much less dream, and the drowsy narcotic passages which have so impressed his imitators are associated with spiritual peril. He tells us that sleep is one of the three divisions of the lowest world, the other two being death and hell; and Prince Arthur's long tirade against night (III, iv) would be out of proportion if night, like its seasonal counterpart winter, did not symbolize a lower world than Faerie. The vision of Faerie may be the *author's* dream, as the pilgrimage of Christian is presented as a dream

of Bunyan, but what the poet dreams of is the strenuous effort, physical, mental, and moral, of waking up to one's true humanity.

In the ordinary physical world good and evil are inextricably confused; the use and the abuse of natural energies are hard to distinguish, motives are mixed and behaviour inconsistent. The perspective of Faerie, the achieved quest of virtue, clarifies this view. What we now see is a completed moral dialectic. The mixed-up physical world separates out into a human moral world and a demonic one. In this perspective heroes and villains are purely and simply heroic and villainous; characters are either white or black, for the quest or against it; right always has superior might in the long run, for we are looking at reality from the perspective of man as he was originally made in the image of God, unconfused about the difference between heaven and hell. We can now see that physical nature is a source of energy, but that this energy can run only in either of two opposing directions: toward its own fulfilment or towards its own destruction. Nature says to Mutability: "For thy decay thou seekst by thy desire," and contrasts her with those who, struggling out of the natural cycle, "Doe worke their owne perfection so by fate."

Spenser, in Hamlet's language, has no interest in holding the mirror up to nature unless he can thereby show virtue her own feature and scorn her own image. His evil characters are rarely converted to good, and while there is one virtuous character who comes to a bad end, Sir Terpine in Book V, this exception proves the rule, as his fate makes an allegorical point about justice. Sometimes the fiction writer clashes with the moralist in Spenser, though never for long. When Malbecco offers to take Hellenore back from the satyrs, he becomes a figure of some dignity as well as pathos; but Spenser cannot let his dramatic sympathy with Malbecco evolve. Complicated behaviour, mixed motives, or the kind of driving energy of character which makes moral considerations seem less important, as it does in all Shakespeare's heroes, and even in Milton's Satan—none of this could be contained in Spenser's framework.

The Faerie Queene in consequence is necessarily a romance, for romance is the genre of simplified or black and white characterization. The imagery of this romance is organized on two major principles. One is that of the natural cycle, the progression of days and seasons. The other is that of the moral dialectic, in which symbols of virtue are parodied by their vicious or demonic counterparts. Any symbol may be used ambivalently, and may be virtuous or demonic according to its context, an obvious example

being the symbolism of gold. Cyclical symbols are subordinated to dialectical ones; in other words the upward turn from darkness to dawn or from winter to spring usually symbolizes the lift in perspective from physical to human nature. Ordinary experience, the morally neutral world of physical nature, never appears as such in *The Faerie Queene*, but its place in Spenser's scheme is symbolized by nymphs and other elemental spirits, or by the satyrs, who may be tamed and awed by the sight of Una or more habitually stimulated by the sight of Hellenore. Satyrane, as his name indicates, is, with several puns intended, a good-natured man, and two of the chief heroes, Redcrosse and Artegall, are explicitly said to be natives of this world and not, like Guyon, natives of Faerie. What this means in practice is that their quests include a good deal of historical allegory.

In the letter to Raleigh Spenser speaks of a possible twenty-four books, twelve to deal with the private virtues of Prince Arthur and the other twelve with the public ones manifested after he was crowned king. But this appalling spectre must have been exorcized very quickly. If we look at the six virtues he did treat, we can see that the first three, holiness, temperance, and chastity, are essentially private virtues, and that the next three, friendship, justice, and courtesy, are public ones. Further, that both sets seem to run in a sort of Hegelian progression. Of all public virtues, friendship is the most private and personal; justice the most public and impersonal, and courtesy seems to combine the two, Calidore being notable for his capacity for friendship and yet able to capture the Blatant Beast that eluded Artegall. Similarly, of all private virtues, holiness is most dependent on grace and revelation, hence the imagery of Book I is Biblical and apocalyptic, and introduces the theological virtues. Temperance, in contrast, is a virtue shared by the enlightened heathen, a prerequisite and somewhat pedestrian virtue (Guyon loses his horse early in the book and does not get it back until Book V), hence the imagery of Book II is classical, with much drawn from the *Odyssey* and from Platonic and Aristotelian ethics. Chastity, a virtue described by Spenser as "farre above the rest," seems to combine something of both. The encounter of Redcrosse and Guyon is indecisive, but Britomart, by virtue of her enchanted spear, is clearly stronger than Guyon, and hardly seems to need Redcrosse's assistance in Castle Joyeous.

We note that in Spenser, as in Milton's *Comus*, the supreme private virtue appears to be chastity rather than charity. Charity, in the sense of

Christian love, does not fit the scheme of *The Faerie Queene*: for Spenser it would primarily mean, not man's love for God, but God's love for man, as depicted in the *Hymn of Heavenly Love*. Charissa appears in Book I, but her main connexions are with the kindliness that we associate with "giving to charity"; Agape appears in Book IV, but is so minor and so dim-witted a character that one wonders whether Spenser knew the connotations of the word. Hence, though Book I is the only book that deals explicitly with Christian imagery, it does not follow that holiness is the supreme virtue. Spenser is not dealing with what God gives to man, but with what man does with his gifts, and Redcrosse's grip on holiness is humanly uncertain.

In one of its aspects *The Faerie Queene* is an educational treatise, based, like other treatises of its time, on the two essential social facts of the Renaissance, the prince and the courtier. The most important person in Renaissance society to educate was the prince, and the next most important was the courtier, the servant of the prince. Spenser's heroes are courtiers who serve the Faerie Queene and who metaphorically make up the body and mind of Prince Arthur. To demonstrate the moral reality of poetry Spenser had to assume a connexion between the educational treatise and the highest forms of literature. For Spenser, as for most Elizabethan writers, the highest form of poetry would be either epic or tragedy, and the epic for him deals essentially with the actions of the heroic prince or leader. The highest form of prose, similarly, would be either a Utopian vision outlined in a Platonic dialogue or in a romance like Sidney's *Arcadia*, or a description of an ideal prince's ideal education, for which the classical model was Xenophon's *Cyropaedia*. Spenser's preference of Xenophon's form to Plato's is explicit in the letter to Raleigh. This high view of education is inseparable from Spenser's view of the relation between nature and art. For Spenser, as for Burke centuries later, art is man's nature. Art is nature on the human plane, or what Sidney calls a second nature, a "golden" world, to use another phrase of Sidney's, because essentially the same world as that of the Golden Age, and in contrast to the "brazen" world of physical nature. Hence art is no less natural than physical nature—the art itself is nature, as Polixenes says in *The Winter's Tale*—but it is the civilized nature appropriate to human life.

Private and public education, then, are the central themes of *The Faerie Queene*. If we had to find a single word for the virtue underlying all private education, the best word would perhaps be fidelity: that unswerv-

ing loyalty to an ideal which is virtue, to a single lady which is love, and to the demands of one's calling which is courage. Fidelity on the specifically human plane of endeavour is faith, the vision of holiness by which one lives; on the natural plane it is temperance, or the ability to live humanely in the physical world. The corresponding term for the virtue of public education is, perhaps, concord or harmony. On the physical plane concord is friendship, again the ability to achieve a human community in ordinary life; on the specifically human plane it is justice and equity, the foundation of society.

In the first two books the symbolism comes to a climax in what we may call a "house of recognition," the House of Holiness in Book I and the House of Alma in Book II. In the third the climax is the vision of the order of nature in the Gardens of Adonis. The second part repeats the same scheme: we have houses of recognition in the Temple of Venus in Book IV and the Palace of Mercilla in Book V, and a second *locus amoenus* vision in the Mount Acidale canto of Book VI, where the poet himself appears with the Graces. The sequence runs roughly as follows: fidelity in the context of human nature; fidelity in the context of physical nature; fidelity in the context of nature as a whole; concord in the context of physical nature; concord in the context of human nature; concord in the context of nature as a whole. Or, abbreviated: human fidelity, natural fidelity, nature; natural concord, human concord, art. Obviously, such a summary is unacceptable as it stands, but it may give some notion of how the books are related and of how the symbolism flows out of one book into the next one.

The conception of the four levels of existence and the symbols used to represent it come from Spenser's cultural tradition in general and from the Bible in particular. The Bible, as Spenser read it for his purposes, describes how man originally inhabited his own human world, the Garden of Eden, and fell out of it into the present physical world, which fell with him. By his fall he lost the tree and water of life. Below him is hell, represented on earth by the kingdoms of bondage, Egypt, Babylon, and Rome, and symbolized by the serpent of Eden, otherwise Satan, otherwise the huge water-monster called Leviathan or the dragon by the prophets. Man is redeemed by the quest of Christ, who after overcoming the world descended to hell and in three days conquered it too. His descent is usually symbolized in art as walking into the open mouth of a dragon, and when he returns in triumph he carries a banner of a red cross

on a white ground, the colours typifying his blood and flesh. At the end of time the dragon of death is finally destroyed, man is restored to Eden, and gets back the water and tree of life. In Christianity these last are symbolized by the two sacraments accepted by the Reformed Church, baptism and the Eucharist.

The quest of the Redcross knight in Book I follows the symbolism of the quest of Christ. He carries the same emblem of a red cross on a white ground; the monster he has to kill is "that old dragon" (quatrain to Canto xi; cf. Rev. xii, 9) who is identical with the Biblical Satan, Leviathan, and serpent of Eden, and the object of killing him is to restore Una's parents, who are Adam and Eve, to their kingdom of Eden, which includes the entire world, now usurped by the dragon. The tyranny of Egypt, Babylon, and the Roman Empire continues in the tyranny of the Roman Church, and the Book of Revelation, as Spenser read it, prophesies the future ascendancy of that church and its ultimate defeat in its vision of the dragon and Great Whore, the latter identified with his Duessa. St. George fights the dragon for three days in the garden of Eden, refreshed by the water and tree of life on the first two days respectively.

But Eden is not heaven: in Spenser, as in Dante, it is rather the summit of purgatory, which St. George goes through in the House of Holiness. It is the world of recovered human nature, as it originally was and still can be when sin is removed. St. George similarly is not Christ, but only the English people trying to be Christian, and the dragon, while he may be part of Satan, is considerably less Satanic than Archimago or Duessa, who survive the book. No monster, however loathsome, can really be evil: for evil there must be a perversion of intelligence, and Spenser drew his dragon with some appreciation of the fact mentioned in an essay of Valéry, that in poetry the most frightful creatures always have something rather childlike about them:

> So dreadfully he towards him did pas,
> Forelifting up aloft his speckled brest,
> And often bounding on the brused gras,
> As for great ioyance of his newcome guest. (I, xi, 15)

Hence the theatre of operations in the first book is still a human world. The real heaven appears only in the vision of Jerusalem at the end of the tenth canto and in a few other traces, like the invisible husband of Charissa and the heavenly music heard in the background of the final betrothal. Eden

is within the order of nature but it is a new earth turned upward, or sacramentally aligned with a new heaven. The main direction of the imagery is also upward: this upward movement is the theme of the House of Holiness, of the final quest, and of various subordinate themes like the worship of Una by the satyrs.

We have spoken of the principle of symbolic parody, which we meet in all books of *The Faerie Queene*. Virtues are contrasted not only with their vicious opposites, but with vices that have similar names and appearances. Thus the golden mean of temperance is parodied by the golden means provided by Mammon; "That part of justice, which is equity" in Book V is parodied by the anarchistic equality preached by the giant in the second canto, and so on. As the main theme of Book I is really faith, or spiritual fidelity, the sharpest parody of this sort is between Fidelia, or true faith, and Duessa, who calls herself Fidessa. Fidelia holds a golden cup of wine and water (which in other romance patterns would be the Holy Grail, though Spenser's one reference to the Grail shows that he has no interest in it); Duessa holds the golden cup of the Whore of Babylon. Fidelia's cup also contains a serpent (the redeeming brazen serpent of Moses typifying the Crucifixion); Duessa sits on the dragon of the Apocalypse who is metaphorically the same beast as the serpent of Eden. Fidelia's power to raise the dead is stressed; Duessa raises Sansjoy from the dead by the power of Aesculapius, whose emblem is the serpent. Of all such parodies in the first book the most important for the imagery of the poem as a whole is the parody of the tree and water of life in Eden. These symbols have their demonic counterparts in the paralysed trees of Fradubio and Fraelissa and in the paralysing fountain from which St. George drinks in the seventh canto.

Thus the first book shows very clearly what we have called the subordinating of cyclical symbols to dialectical ones: the tree and water of life, originally symbols of the rebirth of spring, are here symbols of resurrection, or a permanent change from a life in physical nature above the animals to life in human nature under God. The main interest of the second book is also dialectical, but in the reverse direction, concerned with human life in the ordinary physical world, and with its separation from the demonic world below. The Bower of Bliss is a parody of Eden, and just as the climax of Book I is St. George's three-day battle with the dragon of death, so the narrative climax of Book II is Guyon's three-day endurance in the underworld. It is the climax at least as far as Guyon's

heroism is concerned, for it is Arthur who defeats Maleger and it is really the Palmer who catches Acrasia.

We should expect to find in Book II, therefore, many demonic parodies of the symbols in Book I, especially of the tree and water of life and its symbolic relatives. At the beginning we note that Acrasia, like Duessa, has a golden cup of death, filled, like Fidelia's, with wine and water ("Bacchus with the nymph"). There follows Ruddymane, with his bloody hands that cannot be washed. Spenser speaks of Redcrosse's hands as "baptised" after he falls back into the well of life, and the Ruddymane incident is partly a reference to original sin, removable only by baptism or bathing in a "liuing well." The demonic counterparts of both sacraments appear in the hell scene in the cave of Mammon, in connexion with Pilate and Tantalus. Pilate, forever washing his hands in vain, repeats the Ruddymane image in its demonic context, and Tantalus is the corresponding parody of the Eucharist. These figures are preceded by the description of the golden appletree in the garden of Proserpina and the river Cocytus. Images of trees and water are considerably expanded in the description of the Bower of Bliss.

The fact that the fountain of Diana's nymph refuses to cleanse Ruddymane's hands indicates the rather subordinate role of Diana in Spenser's symbolism. It is clear, if we compare the description of Venus in Book IV with the description of Nature in the *Mutabilitie Cantos*, that Venus represents the whole order of nature, in its higher human as well as its lower physical aspect. What Diana stands for is the resistance to corruption, as symbolized by unchastity, which is the beginning, and of course always an essential part, of moral realization. Hence Diana in Spenser is a little like the law in Milton, which can discover sin but not remove it. In the *Mutabilitie Cantos* the glimpsing of Diana's nakedness by Faunus is parallel, on a small scale, to the rebellion of the lower against the higher nature which is also represented by Mutability's thrusting herself into heaven at the place of Cynthia, who is another form of Diana. Naturally Elizabeth's virginity compelled Spenser to give a high place to Diana and her protégé Belphoebe, but for symbolic as well as political reasons he preferred to make the Faerie Queene a young woman proceeding toward marriage, like Britomart. Meanwhile it is the virginal Faerie Queene whose picture Guyon carries on his shield, Guyon being in his whole moral complex something of a male Diana.

Temperance in Spenser is a rather negative virtue, being the resistance

of consciousness to impulsive action which is necessary in order to know whether the action is going up or down in the moral dialectic. Conscious action is real action, Aristotle's proairesis; impulsive action is really pseudo-action, a passion which increasingly becomes passivity. Human life in the physical world has something of the feeling of an army of occupation about it, symbolized by the beleaguered castle of Alma. The House of Alma possesses two things in particular: wealth, in Ruskin's sense of well-being, and beauty, in the sense of correct proportion and ordering of parts. Its chief enemies are "Beauty, and money," the minions of Acrasia and Mammon, the external or instrumental possessions which the active mind uses and the passive mind thinks of as ends in themselves. Temperance is also good temperament, or the balancing of humours, and Guyon's enemies are mainly humours in the Elizabethan sense, although the humours are usually symbolized by their corresponding elements, as the choleric Pyrochles is associated with fire and the phlegmatic Cymochles with water. The battleground between the active and the passive mind is the area of sensation, the steady rain of impressions and stimuli coming in from the outer world which the active mind organizes and the passive mind merely yields to. Normally the sanguine humour predominates in the active mind; the passive one becomes a victim of melancholy, with its progressive weakening of will and of the power to distinguish reality from illusion. In Spenser's picture of the mind the fancy (Phantastes) is predisposed to melancholy and the influence of "oblique Saturne"; it is not the seat of the poetic imagination, as it would be in a nineteenth-century Romantic.[2] Maleger, the leader of the assault on Alma, is a spirit of melancholy, and is sprung from the corresponding element of earth.

Having outlined the dialectical extremes of his imagery, Spenser moves on to consider the order of nature on its two main levels in the remaining books. Temperance steers a middle course between care and carelessness, jealousy and wantonness, miserliness and prodigality, Mammon's cave and Acrasia's bower. Acrasia is a kind of sinister Venus, and her victims, Mordant wallowing in his blood, Cymochles, Verdant, have something of a dead, wasted, or frustrated Adonis about them. Mammon is an old man with a daughter, Philotime. Much of the symbolism of the third book is based on these two archetypes. The first half leads up to the description of the Gardens of Adonis in Canto vi by at least three repetitions of the theme of Venus and Adonis. First we have the tapestry in the Castle Joyeous representing the story, with a longish description attached. Then

comes the wounding of Marinell on his "precious shore" by Britomart (surely the most irritable heroine known to romance), where the sacrificial imagery, the laments of the nymphs, the strewing of flowers on the bier are all conventional images of Adonis. Next is Timias, discovered by Belphoebe wounded in the thigh with a boar-spear. Both Belphoebe and Marinell's mother Cymoent have pleasant retreats closely analogous to the Gardens of Adonis. In the second half of the book we have three examples of the old man and young woman relationship: Malbecco and Hellenore, Proteus and Florimell, Busirane and Amoret. All these are evil: there is no idealized version of this theme. The reason is that the idealized version would be the counterpart to the vision of charity in the *Hymn of Heavenly Love*. That is, it would be the vision of the female Sapience sitting in the bosom of the Deity that we meet at the end of the *Hymn to Heavenly Beauty*, and this would take us outside the scope of *The Faerie Queene*, or at any rate of its third book.

The central figure in the third book and the fourth is Venus, flanked on either side by Cupid and Adonis, or what a modern poet would call Eros and Thanatos. Cupid and Venus are gods of natural love, and form, not a demonic parody, but a simple analogy of Christian love, an analogy which is the symbolic basis of the *Fowre Hymnes*. Cupid, like Jesus, is lord of gods and creator of the cosmos, and simultaneously an infant, Venus' relation to him being that of an erotic Madonna, as her relation to Adonis is that of an erotic Pièta. Being androgynous, she brings forth Cupid without male assistance;[3] she loses him and goes in search of him, and he returns in triumph in the great masque at the end as lord of all creation.

The Garden of Adonis, with its Genius and its temperate climate, is so carefully paralleled to the Bower of Bliss that it clearly represents the reality of which the Bower is a mirage. It presents the order of nature as a cyclical process of death and renewal, in itself morally innocent, but still within the realm of Mutability, as the presence of Time shows. Like Eden, it is a paradise: it is nature as nature would be if man could live in his proper human world, the "antique" Golden Age. It is a world where substance is constant but where "Forms are variable and decay"; and hence it is closely connected with the theme of metamorphosis, which is the central symbol of divine love as the pagans conceived it.

Such love naturally has its perverted form, represented by the possessive jealousy of Malbecco, Busirane, and Proteus, all of whom enact variants of the myth of Tithonus and Aurora, the aged lover and the struggling

dawn. Hellenore escapes into the world of satyrs, a world too "natural" to be wholly sinful. The torturing of Amoret by Busirane, representing the anguish of jealous love, recurs in various images of bleeding, such as the "long bloody river" in the tapestry of Cupid. Painful or not, it is love that makes the world go round, that keeps the cycle of nature turning, and it is particularly the love of Marinell and Florimell, whose names suggest water and vegetation, that seems linked to the natural cycle. Florimell is imprisoned under the sea during a kind of symbolic winter in which a "snowy" Florimell takes her place. Marinell is not cured of his illness until his mother turns from "watry gods" to the sun, and when he sees Florimell he revives

> As withered weed through cruell winters tine,
> That feels the warmth of sunny beam's reflection
> Lifts up his head, that did before decline
> And gins to spread his leaf before the fair sunshine. (IV, xii, 34)

Book IV is full of images of natural revival, some in very unlikely places, and it comes to a climax with the symbolism of the tree and water of life in their natural context. At the temple of Venus, we are told, "No tree, that is of count . . . But there was planted," and the next canto is a tremendous outburst of water. The wedding of the Thames and the Medway takes place in Proteus' hall, and Proteus, in the mythological handbooks, is the spirit of metamorphosis, the liquid energy of substance driving through endless varieties of form.

The impulse in sexual love is toward union in one flesh, which is part of the symbolism of Christian marriage. The original conclusion to Book III leaves Scudamour and Amoret locked in an embrace which makes them look like a single hermaphrodite. The reason for this curious epithet becomes clear in Book IV, where we learn that Venus herself is hermaphroditic, and of course all embracing lovers are epiphanies of Venus. Naturally this image lends itself to demonic parody, as in the incestuous birth of Oliphant and Argante. Britomart watches Scudamour and Amoret rather enviously, making a mental resolve to get herself into the same position as soon as she can run her Artegall to earth: for Britomart, though as chaste as Belphoebe, is not vowed to virginity. Perhaps it is her accessibility to human emotions that is symbolized by the bleeding wound she receives from an arrow in the first canto of Book III, an image repeated, with a symmetry unusual even in Spenser, in the last canto.

A slight extension of the same symbol of unity through love takes us

into the area of social love, or friendship, the theme of the fourth book. Friendship shows, even more clearly than sexual passion, the power of love as a creative force, separating the elements from chaos by the attraction of like to like. The human counterpart of this ordering of elements is concord or harmony, for which Spenser uses various symbols, notably the golden chain, an image introduced into Book I and parodied by the chain of ambition in the cave of Mammon. We also have the image of two (or three) souls united in one body in the extremely tedious account of Priamond, Diamond, and Triamond. It is rather more interesting that Spenser seems to regard the poetic tradition as a community of friendship of a similar kind. In all six books of *The Faerie Queene* it is only in the fourth that Spenser refers *explicitly* to his two great models Chaucer and Ariosto, and his phrase about Chaucer is significant: "thine own spirit, which doth in me survive."

When we move from friendship, an abstract pattern of human community which only noble spirits can form, to justice, in which the base and evil must also be included, we return to historical allegory. Spenser's vision of history (III, ix) focuses on the legend of Troy: the first Troy is recalled by Hellenore and Paridell, and the second, or Rome, by Duessa, who reappears in Books IV and V. The third is of course England itself, which will not collapse in adultery or superstition if her leading poet can prevent it. In the prophecy of this third Troy we meet an image connected with the wedding of the Thames in Book IV:

> It [sc. London] Troynovant is hight, that with the waves
> Of wealthy Thamis washed is along,
> Upon whose stubborn neck, whereat he raves
> With roaring rage, and sore himself does throng,
> That all men fear to tempt his billows strong,
> She fastened hath her foot, which stands so high
> That it a wonder of the world is sung
> In foreign lands, and all which passen by,
> Beholding it from far, do think it threats the sky. (III, ix, 45)

I quote this poetically licentious description of the Thames because it is so closely linked with Spenser's conception of justice as the harnessing of physical power to conquer physical nature. In its lower aspects this power is mechanical, symbolized by the "yron man" Talus, who must be one of the earliest "science fiction" or technological symbols in poetry, and who kills without discrimination for the sake of discrimination, like a South African policeman. In its higher aspects where justice becomes

equity, or consideration of circumstances, the central image is this one of the virgin guiding the raging monster. We meet this image very early in the adventures of Una and the lion in Book I, and the same symbolic shape reappears in the Gardens of Adonis, where Venus enjoys Adonis with the boar imprisoned in a cave underneath. Next comes the training of Artegall (who begins his career by taming animals) by Astraea, identified with the constellation Virgo. Next is the vision of Isis, where Osiris and the crocodile correspond to Adonis and the boar earlier, but are here explicitly identified. Finally we have Mercilla and the lion under her throne, where Spenser naturally refrains from speculating on the lion's possible identity with a human lover. It may be the link with London on the Thames that lends such prominence in Book V to the image of the river washing away the filth of injustice. At the same time the virgin who dominates the beast is herself the servant of an invisible male deity, hence the figure of the female rebel is important in the last two books: Radigund the Amazon in Book V, who rebels against justice, and Mirabell in Book VI, who rebels against courtesy. Radigund is associated with the moon because she parodies Isis, and Isis is associated with the moon partly because Queen Elizabeth is, by virtue of Raleigh's name for her, Cynthia.

Just as Book III deals with the secular and natural counterpart of love, so Book VI deals with the secular and natural counterpart of grace. The word grace itself in all its human manifestations is a thematic word in this book, and when the Graces themselves appear on Mount Acidale we find ourselves in a world that transcends the world of Venus:

> These three to men all gifts of grace do graunt,
> And all that Venus in herself doth vaunt
> Is borrowed of them. (VI, x, 15)

The Graces, we are told, were begotten by Jove when he returned from the wedding of Peleus and Thetis. This wedding is referred to again in the *Mutabilitie Cantos* as the most festive occasion the gods had held before the lawsuit of Mutability. For it was at this wedding that Jove was originally "confirmed in his imperial see": the marriage to Peleus removed the threat to Jove's power coming from the son of Thetis, a threat the secret of which only Prometheus knew, and which Prometheus was crucified on a rock for not revealing. Thus the wedding also led, though Spenser does not tell us this, to the reconciling of Jove and Prometheus, and it was Prometheus, whose name traditionally means forethought or wisdom, who, according to Book II, was the originator of Elves and

Fays—that is, of man's moral and conscious nature. There are still many demonic symbols in Book VI, especially the attempt to sacrifice Serena, where the custom of eating the flesh and giving the blood to the priests has obvious overtones of parody. But the centre of symbolic gravity, so to speak, in Book VI is a pastoral Arcadian world, where we seem almost to be entering into the original home of man where, as in the child's world of Dylan Thomas's *Fern Hill*, it was all Adam and maiden. It is no longer the world of Eros; yet the sixth book is the most erotic, in the best sense, of all the books in the poem, full of innocent nakedness and copulation, the surprising of which is so acid a test of courtesy, and with many symbols of the state of innocence and of possible regeneration like the Salvage Man and the recognition scene in which Pastorella is reunited to her parents.

Such a world is a world in which the distinction between art and nature is disappearing because nature is taking on a human form. In the Bower of Bliss the *mixing* of art and nature is what is stressed: on Mount Acidale the art itself is nature, to quote Polixenes again. Yet art, especially poetry, has a central place in the legend of courtesy. Grace in religion implies revelation by the Word, and human grace depends much on good human words. All through the second part of *The Faerie Queene*, slander is portrayed as the worst enemy of the human community: we have Ate and Sclaunder herself in Book IV, Malfont with his tongue nailed to a post in Mercilla's court, as an allegory of what ought to be done to *other* poets; and finally the Blatant Beast, the voice of rumour full of tongues. The dependence of courtesy on reasonable speech is emphasized at every turn, and just as the legend of justice leads us to the figure of the Queen, as set forth in Mercilla, who manifests the order of society, so the legend of courtesy leads us to the figure of the poet himself, who manifests the order of words.

When Calidore commits his one discourteous act and interrupts Colin Clout, all the figures dancing to his pipe vanish. In Elizabethan English a common meaning of art was magic, and Spenser's Colin Clout, like Shakespeare's Prospero, has the magical power of summoning spirits to enact his present fancies, spirits who disappear if anyone speaks and breaks the spell. Nature similarly vanishes mysteriously at the end of the *Mutabilitie Cantos*, just as the counterpart to Prospero's revels is his subsequent speech on the disappearance of all created things. Colin Clout, understandably annoyed at being suddenly deprived of the company of a

hundred and four naked maidens, destroys his pipe, as Prospero drowns his book. Poetry works by suggestion and indirection, and conveys meanings out of all proportion to its words; but in magic the impulse to complete a pattern is very strong. If a spirit is being conjured by the seventy-two names of God as set forth in the *Schemhamphoras*, it will not do if the magician can remember only seventy-one of them. At the end of the sixth book the magician in Spenser had completed half of his gigantic design, and was ready to start on the other half. But the poet in Spenser was satisfied: he had done his work, and his vision was complete.

notes

1 In what follows the debt is obvious to A. S. P. Woodhouse, "Nature and Grace in *The Faerie Queene*," *ELH* (Sept. 1949), but there are some differences of emphasis owing to the fact that I am looking for a structure of images rather than of concepts.

2 Cf. George Macdonald's romance *Phantastes*, the title of which is said to come from Phineas Fletcher rather than Spenser.

3 This detail is not in *The Faerie Queene*: see *Colin Clouts Come Home Againe*, 800 ff.

HARRY BERGER, JR.

Spenser's Gardens of Adonis:[1] *Force and Form in the Renaissance Imagination*

Behold now the hope and desire of going back to one's own country or returning to primal chaos, like that of the moth to the light, of the man who with perpetual longing always looks forward with joy to each new spring and each new summer, and to the new months and the new years, deeming that the things he longs for are too slow in coming; and who does not perceive that he is longing for his own destruction. But this longing is in its quintessence the spirit of the elements, which finding itself imprisoned within the life of the human body desires continually to return to its source.

Leonardo da Vinci[2]

There is one continuous attraction, beginning with God, going to the world and ending at last in God, an attraction which returns to the same place whence it began as though in a kind of circle. This single circle . . . is identified by three names. Inasmuch as it begins in God and attracts to Him, it is Beauty; inasmuch as, going across into the world, it captivates the world, we call it Love; and inasmuch as it returns to its source and with Him joins its labors, then we call it Pleasure. In this way Love begins in Beauty and ends in Pleasure.

Marsilio Ficino[3]

These statements seem diametrically opposed not only in content but also in tendency: Ficino looks back to Plotinus and the theory of procession, Leonardo looks ahead to Freud and the theory of instincts. Yet we observe in both the same style of imagination, the same image of pulsing dynamism intuited as the nature of the real. And we know that for both thinkers, as for most of their contemporaries, whatever lay beyond or beneath the perceived universe was felt to be charged with motion and energy. It was not that the old and honorific formulae—eternal, stable, immutable, and the like—were either abandoned or disbelieved. But the objects of theological and scientific thought could no longer be ingenuously identified with the enduring individual substances, the stable and visualizable forms, of Aristotle's common-sense world. The forms of human vision came

more and more to be felt as creations of the human mind in response to a God who manifested himself chiefly in process, force, and relation.

The persisting question is the one which seems first to have been put in its new aspect by Cusanus: not *what* to visualize, but *how* to visualize it—"no image will so faithfully or precisely reproduce the exemplar, as to rule out the possibility of an infinity of more faithful and precise images."[4] It is not uncertainty about the content of the ancient wisdom and belief, nor always about the form, but primarily about the relation between them that gives the question its point. When, in the proem to Book V of *The Faerie Queene*, Spenser unhappily compares "with state of present time,/ The image of the antique world," we must not ignore the importance of the words *image of*. It may be that modern times are bad, but it may also be that the inherited vision of the world, the forms bequeathed the imagination, no longer suffice. The poet, trying to "reforme . . . the ill" (*F.Q.* V, x, 2) he sees around him, finds his given mythological machinery inadequate—Christian as well as pagan—and it is not until the second canto of Mutability that he re-creates the dynamism of the real into what Sidney himself had called "another Nature."

Such a doubt about the sources of perception, about the relation between the real in itself and in its images, leads to Sidney's emphasis on creation, to Bruno's belief that poets are legislators, to Michelangelo's anguish and Leonardo's often Pyrrhic victories, also to Montaigne, Galileo, Hobbes, and Pascal. It leads to the problematical relation of cosmos to stage in Shakespeare's later plays, especially *Hamlet*, *Troilus and Cressida*, *The Winter's Tale*, and *The Tempest*. It seems to have something to do with the radical novelty of the artistic styles labelled Mannerism and Baroque: in contrast to Romanesque and Gothic, which are true group styles, these are distinguished precisely by their lack of homogeneity, by the factors of individual revolt from convention, eccentricity, the primacy of personal expression and experience, and—a negative sign—the new awareness of a need for academies. The latter may remind us of the paradox embodied in Descartes: the assertion of the *cogito* coupled with the continual appeal to the forms of the scholastic tradition.

The very method of modern stylistic analysis must accommodate itself to these new requirements, for, where analyses of Romanesque and Gothic may with some justice describe their objects in purely visual categories, the adequacy of such criteria becomes a question among writers who deal with the later period styles.[5] Wölfflin's famous analyses of form are

squarely based on general principles of epistemology and psychology whose importance to his work has been recognized by critics from Roger Fry on—principles which, necessitated by the characteristics of Baroque, had never been demanded by the different needs of mediaeval art historians and which have as yet been applied to the middle ages only in a cautious manner, or else with limited success.[6] A period style synthesized from diverse individual styles and diverse "schools," a style whose nature is to be sought either in individual manifestations,[7] or else in the most general cultural assumptions about man's relation to the world (the New Philosophy that calls all in doubt), a style whose common factors are located in the particular psychological bases, the process and rationale of artistic creation,[8] such a style seems the natural outcome of an intellectual climate in which the visible forms of the real are no longer felt as external or given, but are created and stabilized through the experience of the individual soul and the creative effort of the individual imagination. The contour and stability, the achieved shapeliness of a form, become more and more crucial as the belief in its objective or transcendent reality weakens. If the essence of the real is motion, force, ceaseless energy, and the essence of human perception is substantial form, palpable, and enduring, if all forms are in a sense mindmade, so that what is unconsciously given in perception may be as subjective as what is consciously produced by imagination, then the forms created by the mind, and the experience through which they are created, assume a new and urgent reality of their own. Forms are the sole embodiments of force, and part of the energy they embody, part of the reality they express, must be that of the very human process, the course of experience, whereby they are created. This new relation of force to form may be seen as a precursor to the modern relation between energy and mass: "What impresses our senses as matter is really a great concentration of energy into a comparatively small space."[9] A particular form is now, so to speak, a quantum of spiritual energy, the compact centre of the cultural field it generates.

The consequences for the historical and critical study of poetic style have not been recognized with sufficient clarity. What has been called Metaphysical poetry (the term, again, is symptomatic of the problems raised by Mannerist and Baroque styles) is manifestly related to the epistemological changes outlined above. All the characteristics ascribed to this style[10] may be traced to a single historical fact: changing conceptions of self and experience at some time penetrated the practice of lyric poetry so

that the poem was conceived not merely as a report of prior experience, but as the unfolding experience itself. This is not yet the case, for example, in Petrarch's *Rime*. His units of celebration, complaint, confession, even self-analysis, are statements about a situation existing outside the boundaries of the particular poem. In the act of poetic utterance the situation is recalled, described, reflected on, rather than changed or resolved. But poems like *Epithalamion*, *The Extasie*, *The Garden*, force us to concentrate on what happens to the poet as he utters the poem. The poem becomes a record of itself, a moment in which past experience is revived and revised —re-lived, re-seen.[11]

This can only have come about at a time in history when the concept of *self* was in flux: disengaging itself from the more objective concepts of *soul* and *person*, and moving towards the notion of *experiencing subject*. Soul and person entail the idea of a determined actuality (a first *entelecheia*), a substantial form whose essence and power are always greater than its operation, whose substance is prior to its function. To the Greek idea of soul as individual (member of a species, part of the World Soul), Christian thought added the integrity and singularity of the person, created for temporal as well as eternal life, and created in a single act in the image of its Creator.[12] But if this increases the value of self and personality, it does so by affirming the limits of consciousness, the mystery inherent in any *imago Dei* whose being is not fully its own. To affirm the limits of consciousness in this way is also to exalt the function of conscience: Christians "must learn to know the nature God gave them, and the place He marked out for them in the order of the universe, so that they in their turn might order themselves towards God."[13]

Personal experience is thus a discovery of what already is, of a created form and the immutable divine substance in which it participates. The person is a metaphysical and moral object, and in this connection it is interesting to note that the same Romance word usually does double duty for the now quite different ideas of conscience and consciousness. In the Christian person, the self is always bounded by—and merges into—that Otherness which is at once its limit and source of freedom. This Otherness, part of the person, cannot possibly be known in the forms of consciousness. Temporal consciousness and perception, founded by St. Augustine on memory, can contemporize the flux of experience into a present, a now, but this form imposed on becoming is a defective imitation of eternity, which is "the possession, all at once (*total simul*) and perfect, of

interminable life."[14] And such a condition should be seen, according to Boethius, under the category of spatial form rather than that of temporal process or extension: not *praevidentia*, but *providentia*—the prospect, as it were, from a mountaintop.[15]

The emergence of the self from the person; its disengagement from a mysterious and constraining Otherness; the gradual development of self-other and subject-object as dialectical terms created in and by consciousness; the change from substance to process, from an ethico-metaphysical to a psychologistic definition of personality; the transfer of emphasis from memory which records and discovers to rational imagination which creates: this familiar development in the history of thought, perhaps first outlined by Burckhardt, has been documented with increasing clarity and detail ever since. One has only to think of Montaigne, for whom existence was passage, not being, for whom the stuff of experience was not to be seen as issuing from, but as culminating in, a form which would fix it in its very dynamism: "nous allons conformément, . . . mon livre et moy . . . qui touche l'un touche l'autre." Or perhaps we recall Pico's man, whose creator placed him in the middle of the world and addressed him thus: "Neither a fixed abode nor a form that is thine alone nor any function peculiar to thyself have we given thee, Adam, to the end that according to thy longing and according to thy judgment thou mayest have and possess what abode, what form, and what functions thou thyself shalt desire."[16]

The glory of the soul now lies less in its ineffable and substantive mystery than in the indeterminateness which it is obliged to gather into the forms of consciousness. This notion has been the burden of Cassirer's brilliant studies of Renaissance thought, and in his essay on Pico he describes its importance to the theory and practice of art:

> [Man] is the "sculptor" who must bring forth and in a sense chisel out his own form from the material with which nature has endowed him. We can understand how such a view must have affected the aesthetics and the theory of art of the Renaissance. . . . For art . . . has found a different and a purely "spiritual" goal. It expresses in its own sphere what characterizes and distinguishes mankind as a whole. Beauty becomes, to express it in Kantian terms, the "symbol of morality": for in the capacity of man to produce from himself a world of forms, there is expressed his innate freedom. The artist in a sense possesses this freedom raised to a new power; from it and because of it he can bring forth a new "Nature."[17]

But although this influence of neo-Platonic thought has been exhaustively explored in the field of the visual arts, its effect on lyric poetry, especially

its culmination in Metaphysical style, has been largely ignored in the crucial realm of practical criticism and interpretation. Spenser seems to me to be perhaps the most important means through which this influence is transmitted into English poetry. Therefore I should like to offer the following interpretation of the Gardens of Adonis (*F.Q.* III, vi, 28–51) as a model which embodies the above ideas and brings them to life. Admittedly this is an extract, and no claims are made for the reading as a paradigm of Book III. The passage is sufficiently self-contained to be viewed in isolation. It has the additional virtue not only of exemplifying the poetic process whereby force becomes form, but of being *about* that process.

II

The passages from Leonardo and Ficino with which the essay opened suggest two opposed sources of cosmic energy, one in chaos and the other in heaven. Though Ficino himself, in his dynamic anthropology, has distinguished two contrary but equally natural appetites in man,[18] and has elaborated the corresponding myth of the two Venuses,[19] he has left us no account of the lower cycle to compare with the fascination and the horror of Leonardo's vision. Just as, almost a century later, something akin to Galileo's vision of force and flux, the atomic swirl of a nature without man, is to be found in the Chaos at the end of Book II of *Paradise Lost*, so in Spenser's third book we feel the presence of a Leonardesque life force. Throughout the episodes of the first five cantos a single energy blindly rages: the force of eros flowing through all things, giving itself only momentarily to form. These cantos abound in the rhetoric and imagery of elemental motion: the fury of wind and water; the sudden burst of flame involved in smoke and sulphur, or spreading like a disease through the veins; the volcanic spasms of earth applied as a metaphor of passion; the onslaught of humid night, image of death, as it periodically inundates the world, blurring forms and relationships. Though the poet hints, in neo-Platonic fashion, that there are two different kinds of love, the evidence of chaotic force given in the opening cantos makes us wonder: Are there really two totally different kinds of energy coursing through the universe and the soul? Is the energy of spirit in some strange way identical with the elemental force? Or is it possible that the neo-Platonic formula is itself a sublimation, perhaps only a metaphor that evades the sad truth about the source of cosmic eros?

The poem is nominally about chastity, and we become aware, as we read, that a similar problem confronts both heroine and poet. Both must impose some form on the welter of experience flowing in them and around them. Chastity is the response to love, and Britomart must learn not to suppress the force that impels her, but to accept it, suffer it, understand it, build up a habit of will which enables her to direct this energy to a higher goal in the enduring love of human persons. The poet himself—like his heroine—seems at first hard put to impose form and meaning on the force he has so successfully portrayed. He continually digresses, interrupts an action in midcareer, introduces a new world or episode, expands a small germ into an adventure. The straight narrative line is deflected time and again by the apparent unruliness of a fecund imagination. And by Canto vi little of positive value has been accomplished. The first half of the book develops an elegant panorama of frustrations: women are thwarted by men, men by women, women by women, sons by mothers. Virgins run after heroes afraid to love; squires feel the death for goddesses incapable of love.

With matters thus snarled, the poet interrupts his narrative at Canto vi and takes us, both in space and time, to a totally different set of situations: the birth of Belphoebe and Amoret, the debate of Venus and Diana, the search for Cupid and finding of the twins, the Gardens of Adonis. It seems clear that Spenser directs his audience away from the particular romance problems of Book III not only for relief but also for clarification. The canto moves from chastity to love, from Belphoebe to Amoret, from Diana's wood to the garden of Adonis; from the unconscious parthenogenesis by which the twins were conceived to the fully personal encounter of Cupid and Psyche. Escape becomes exploration. The poet wants to find out whether the frustrations of the first five cantos can be justified, whether it is worthwhile to endure. Why not fulfil every wish, submit to the first pang, assault the nearest object? If the aim of love is pleasure, why not please oneself immediately and perpetually? If it is generation, why not generate as soon and as often as one can? What is demanded, then, is a series of definitions—of love, of desire and pleasure, and above all, of chastity. What the imagination seeks, beyond this, is a form, a vision, in which the previous broken narratives may be gathered up, and in which the forces of life and love, time, passion, pain and decay may be given their due, yet controlled.

The poet leads us to the Gardens of Adonis after wandering through a

strange world in which traditional and original characters freely mingle; a world of half-realized mythic echoes and episodes, of scenes dissolved in midmotion, of figures who look suggestively meaningful but are left indeterminate. And yet beneath the confusing enjambment of discontinuous events, certain recurrent motifs begin to emerge. In Glauce, Cymoent, and Chrysogone (III, ii, iv, vi) we encounter versions of the nurse or mother which are all, in varying degrees, defective. Marinell and Timias (III, iv, v) are wounded lovers close to death—Adonis figures. We are not unprepared, then, for Venus' mythic place which, in its geographic vagueness, suggests the kind of *topos* found only in the spirit (sts. 29–30):

> Where most she wonnes, when she on earth does dwel.
> So faire a place, as Nature can devize:
> Whether in Paphos, or Cytheron hill,
> Or it in Gnidus be, I wote not well;
> But well I wote by tryall, that this same
> All other pleasant places doth excell,
> And called is by her lost lovers name,
> The Gardin of Adonis, farre renowmd by fame.
>
> In that same Gardin all the goodly flowres,
> Wherewith dame Nature doth her beautifie,
> And decks the girlonds of her paramoures,
> Are fetcht: there is the first seminarie
> Of all things, that are borne to live and die,
> According to their kindes. Long worke it were,
> Here to account the endlesse progenie
> Of all the weedes, that bud and blossome there;
> But so much as doth need, must needs be counted here.

Yet a problem immediately arises about the figure of Venus, for she has been presented, or represented, in a number of aspects which the poet has not attempted to reconcile. Venus and Adonis had first appeared on a tapestry in Malecasta's House (III, i, 34–38) and there, to translate the myth, Beauty or Love was tyrannized by Desire (wounded by Cupid). Venus ogling the dormant Adonis, artfully intensifying her own lust, concentrates more on foreplay than on fulfillment: it is the feeling she cultivates, the surface or phenomenology of love—the real process outlined by Ficino (beauty to desire to pleasure) is suspended in mid-career.

The Malecastan Venus is a dead image, a motionless tapestry woven by the perverse appetite. And the myth is given in its unsatisfactory Ovidian form: Venus frustrated, Adonis gored and transformed to a flower. But when Venus reappears in Canto vi she has descended from "her heavenly

hous/ . . . of goodly formes and faire aspects." She comes to ask the help of Diana in finding Cupid—Beauty enlists the aid of Chastity to reclaim wayward Desire; the Artemisian *daunger* and independence of the feminine psyche will be placed in a superior service. This Venus embodies the Ficinian principle, the divine energy radiating in mental and visible forms through the world, attracting creatures to the "birth in beauty."[20]

There is yet a third aspect of Venus, the maternal figure mentioned above. Venus as mother of species is an unconscious love that knows nothing of desire and has little concern for the life of the individual psyche. Like Cymoent (who in effect devours her son so that his descent [III, iv] is like a return to the womb), her love is that of Ocean, mere life, *bios*, and its immortality is that of chaotic substance. Cymoent's form—like the wave from which she takes her name—is a mere shape under which the tidal flux surges and recoils without end, without direction, lending its substance to higher forms, then swallowing the forms.

This fragmentation of a complex mythic figure defines the poetic problem: to draw the different aspects of love together into meaningful relation, to see them whole, present in their diversity yet infolded.[21] So we move from the temporal succession of narrative to the lyric moment of the garden, a place in the imagination where the strands and fragments may be, as it were, organized into a simultaneous "spatial" unity. But at first, though the description is detailed, it is difficult to visualize the space or objects of this garden in any concrete manner (sts. 31–3):

> It sited was in fruitfull soyle of old,
> And girt in with two walles on either side;
> The one of yron, the other of bright gold,
> That none might thorough breake, nor over-stride:
> And double gates it had, which opened wide,
> By which both in and out men moten pas;
> Th'one faire and fresh, the other old and dride:
> Old Genius the porter of them was,
> Old Genius, the which a double nature has.
>
> He letteth in, he letteth out to wend,
> All that to come into the world desire;
> A thousand thousand naked babes attend
> About him day and night, which doe require,
> That he with fleshly weedes would them attire:
> Such as him list, such as eternall fate
> Ordained hath, he clothes with sinfull mire,
> And sendeth forth to live in mortall state,
> Till they againe returne backe by the hinder gate.

After that they againe returned beene,
They in that Gardin planted be againe;
And grow afresh, as they had never seene
Fleshly corruption, nor mortall paine.
Some thousand yeares so doen they there remaine;
And then of him are clad with other hew,
Or sent into the chaungefull world againe,
Till thither they returne, where first they grew:
So like a wheele around they runne from old to new.

Precisely what object is to be identified beneath the changing terms of *flower, thing, weed, men, babe*? At the outset, because there are echoes from the myth of Er, echoes also of the earthly immersion of souls described in the *Timaeus* and the soul-wheels in the *Phaedrus*—at the outset one would be tempted to call this a mystical garden. It seems to be saying something about the cycle of forms-as-souls: the seminary of life grows souls which are then clothed in flesh and so committed to mortal existence. The very difficulty of visualizing this garden with any precision suggests that the images symbolize mystical objects.

But a garden metaphor requires that souls, or forms, or whatever they are, be seen under the aspect of plants. And in this connection we have to remember that it is a garden of *species*, a seminary of things "According to their kindes." This inherent limitation emerges in the next two stanzas when the garden becomes literal (sts. 34–5):

Ne needs there Gardiner to set, or sow,
To plant or prune: for of their owne accord
All things, as they created were, doe grow,
And yet remember well the mightie word,
Which first was spoken by th'Almightie lord,
That bad them to increase and multiply:
Ne doe they need with water of the ford,
Or of the clouds to moysten their roots dry;
For in themselves eternall moisture they imply.

Infinite shapes of creatures there are bred,
And uncouth formes, which none yet ever knew,
And every sort is in a sundry bed
Set by it selfe, and ranckt in comely rew:
Some fit for reasonable soules t'indew,
Some made for beasts, some made for birds to weare,
And all the fruitfull spawne of fishes hew
In endlesse rancks along enraunged were,
That seem'd the Ocean could not containe them there.

We meet with setting, sowing, planting, pruning, water of the ford, dry roots, beds, rows, and ranks. The shapes and forms are now put on by souls: where the term *form* seemed at first to be used in its Aristotelian sense, it is now equated with material shape or outline. Form is now less essential and active, more shadowy. The garden image has solidified, it is closer to matter, the image and the thing it represents are harder to pry apart.

By stanzas 36–8 the character of the garden has clearly changed. The "fruitfull soyle of old" is now shown as founded on "An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes/ The substances of natures fruitfull progenyes." All things are made of this substance, called *matter*, and the law of its conservation is asserted (sts. 37–8):

> All things from thence doe their first being fetch,
> And borrow matter, whereof they are made,
> Which when as forme and feature it does ketch.
> Becomes a bodie, and doth then invade
> The state of life, out of the griesly shade.
> That substance is eterne, and bideth so,
> Ne when the life decayes, and forme does fade,
> Doth it consume, and into nothing go,
> But chaunged is, and often altred to and fro.
>
> The substance is not chaunged, nor altered,
> But th'only forme and outward fashion;
> For every substance is conditioned
> To change her hew, and sundry formes to don,
> Meet for her temper and complexion:
> For formes are variable and decay,
> By course of kind, and by occasion;
> And that faire flowre of beautie fades away,
> As doth the lilly fresh before the sunny ray.

Where in the beginning what chiefly struck us was the concrete nature of the substantives—flower, weed, men, babes—here the nouns are vague, abstract: the image of the garden having moved from a symbolic to a literal state now gives way to a quasi-philosophical discussion of force. Verbs are more concrete and assertive than nouns; their repetitive pattern fixes on violence, change, and decay. Form is no longer the source of life's energy. Form has become passive, the force breaks loose and asserts itself, revealing its source in death and chaos. The love which is the energy from chaos does not flower in beauty; rather the form which is beauty,

flowers in the force which is death. This is indeed, as it has been called, a forcing garden.

But there is more at stake than a garden: the emphasis is not on the thing visualized but on the process of visualizing. The imagination itself, trying to form an image, is shown to be caught in this decay. As spirit gives way to matter and form to force, so art and myth give way to mere nature. Life as *bios* has triumphed over the forms of thought and culture. Wishing for an image of the fullness of life, the poet evokes it and finds his vision to be rooted in death. Is not the wish as well as the image so rooted? The vision, vegetative in form, shows the compulsion of nature to repeat. This is one way of explaining the function of love; but it is a way that by-passes the facts of pain and frustration, the burden of human consciousness, by reducing the problem to plants and species. At the end of stanza 38 the biological garden of species recedes, the poetic garden floats back into view in the vague half-abstract figure, "that faire flowre of beautie," and then plants itself solidly before us in the concrete image of the single lily. We are brought back to the sunlight world of living shapes and colours only in terms of their inexorable return to chaos.

Only by working through these stanzas does the poetic imagination come to recognize the pull of death beneath the dream of perpetual regeneration. The complaint against time is the logical outcome of this process (sts. 39–40):

> Great enimy to it, and to all the rest,
> That in the Gardin of Adonis springs,
> Is wicked Time, who with his scyth addrest,
> Does mow the flowring herbes and goodly things,
> And all their glory to the ground downe flings,
> Where they doe wither, and are fowly mard:
> He flyes about, and with his flaggy wings
> Beates downe both leaves and buds without regard,
> Ne ever pittie may relent his malice hard.
>
> Yet pittie often did the gods relent,
> To see so faire things mard, and spoyled quight:
> And their great mother Venus did lament
> The losse of her deare brood, her deare delight:
> Her hart was pierst with pittie at the sight,
> When walking through the Gardin, them she spyde,
> Yet no'te she find redresse for such despight.
> For all that lives, is subject to that law:
> All things decay in time, and to their end do draw.

It must be emphasized that the poet does not simply continue his description of the garden: here he creates a new and different space, substituting a second garden for the first. Momentarily, however, there is confusion: it is as if Time had not left the stage when the scene was changed. Stanza 40 attenuates the terror of Time's aspect by making it legal. But if this allows a familiar plea for resignation, the poet cannot heed his own advice: he moves into higher gear and builds another escape garden (sts. 41–2):

> But were it not, that Time their troubler is,
> All that in this delightfull Gardin growes,
> Should happie be, and have immortall blis:
> For here all plentie, and all pleasure flowes,
> And sweet love gentle fits emongst them throwes,
> Without fell rancor, or fond gealosie;
> Franckly each paramour his leman knowes,
> Each bird his mate, ne any does envie
> Their goodly meriment, and gay felicitie.
>
> There is continuall spring, and harvest there
> Continuall, both meeting at one time:
> For both the boughes doe laughing blossomes beare,
> And with fresh colours decke the wanton Prime,
> And eke attonce the heavy trees they clime,
> Which seeme to labour under their fruits lode:
> The whiles the joyous birdes make their pastime
> Emongst the shadie leaves, their sweet abode,
> And their true loves without suspition tell abrode.

The forty-first stanza shifts from the conditional of wish to the eternal present tense of fulfillment: art, or dream, whose beautiful forms are insubstantial and whose pleasure is unearned, has begun to withdraw from time.

In the next two stanzas the vision progressively rids itself of mortal and imperfect things: the boughs are not cut by sharp steel, the buds not chewed by wicked animals, thick shade keeps out the hot sun and sharp wind. Finally, the ultimate illusion: the arbour is not made by art but by nature. This is the hope that inspires magic—the hope that the mind can re-create, and identify itself with, the order of nature. Yet the forms of this garden are not those of specific persons, but of bird, flower, tree, and, in general, "lover," male and female. As the forcing garden presented a procession of nameless moments of the life in time, so the pleasure garden gives us equally anonymous paramours who merge now and forever in an ideal space. Death in the escape world is the Ovidian death of meta-

morphosis, something not taken seriously but made the occasion of a metaphor or a trope. An image of all-things-now, without want or pain, the escape garden has no need of generation, fills no purely natural or vegetable need. Its focus is the moment of animal consciousness, the single moment of relief from tension drawn out into an eternity.

A state of consciousness which walls out death and pain, which is unrelated to generation on the one hand or chastity on the other—such a state is a grasping at straw flowers; a despairing of real flowers which must (like the fair Florimell) expose themselves to the flux of experience, give themselves up for the sake of new life. So, in the forty-fifth stanza, this pleasance spills over into the forms of pure art: into Ovidian varieties ("To which sad lovers were transformd of yore") and the symbolic flower amaranthus, which means unfading—

> Sad Amaranthus, in whose purple gore
> Me seemes I see Amintas wretched fate,
> To whom sweet Poets verse hath given endlesse date.

This is apparently Thomas Watson's Amyntas[22] and, along with the allusion to Ovid, it makes clear the basis of this world in a long tradition of literary *topoi*. *Topoi* are the treasures of the muses, the conventional schemata which provide the young poet with the raw material of meaning as well as expression. The *topos* is the opposite of the archetype: its artifice guarantees that it has been formed by some conscious act of mind rather than by the random process of nature, guarantees also that it is insulated from mutability and decay; but its timelessness is that of the library stack, for *topoi* are at the surface not in the depths. They are merely blueprints, flat-forms. Yet Renaissance thinkers called them hieroglyphs because they felt that the significance, the purpose and meaning extracted from past experience, had been transmitted in just such desiccated germs. A poet could acquire them by imitation, could plant them in the soil of his own experience, make them flower as the expressions of his own life and vision. The poet does not passively "receive" the archetypes of life or literature from the race or from his culture: by meditating and assimilating *topoi* he creates them; he is, in effect, his own iconologist.

The transformation of Venus and Adonis from the Ovidian surface of the tapestry to the living world of Spenser's garden exemplifies the development of the *topos* into the archetype in what seems a conscious and fully sophisticated manner. For the poet "finds" the lost Adonis (and ultimately the lost Cupid) not in the biological garden of decaying forms

but in the poet's garden of endless verse. Venus and Adonis spring to life in what seems superficially a continuation of the static pleasance (sts. 46–7):

> There wont faire Venus often to enjoy
> Her deare Adonis joyous company,
> And reape sweet pleasure of the wanton boy;
> There yet, some say, in secret he does ly,
> Lapped in flowres and pretious spycery,
> By her hid from the world, and from the skill
> Of Stygian Gods, which doe her love envy;
> But she her self, when ever that she will,
> Possesseth him, and of his sweetnesse takes her fill.
>
> And sooth it seemes they say: for he may not
> For ever die, and ever buried bee
> In balefull night, where all things are forgot;
> All be he subject to mortalitie,
> Yet is eterne in mutabilitie,
> And by succession made perpetuall,
> Transformed oft, and chaunged diuerslie:
> For him the Father of all formes they call;
> Therefore needs mote he live, that living gives to all.

The second is an extremely difficult stanza, not only because of its wealth of references, its explosive symbolic possibilities, but also because of its phrasing. It yields two meanings that directly contradict each other, depending on how the following phrase is inflected: "he may not/ For ever die, and ever buried bee/ In balefull night." The main meaning seems to be, "He cannot remain dead forever, or continually pass away. He must reappear periodically in new forms, taking life and rising from darkness." But it is possible to read it this way: "He cannot ever die or be buried, but is something eternal within mutability." Though subject to the conditions of mortality—he must put on and produce new forms—his transformations are ways of maintaining himself. Generating form through time and death, he triumphs over them. Giver of life, he lives forever.

This is no isolated ambiguity, but the focus of a pattern running through the poem. Adonis as father of forms is associated with the sun (vi. 9), the "father of generation . . . authour of life and light." But we remember that the sun in the garden withers the "lilly fresh," and we may also recall the emphasis on shade in stanzas 42–6 of the pleasure garden: staying out of the sun is a way of avoiding time and process. Adonis, furthermore, is linked by verbal echoes to the substance of chaos: the description in stanza 47 is

like that in stanzas 37–8. Both are eternal, maintain themselves through transformation, become the species they produce.

Who, then, is Adonis? Is he a transparent figure of sun and substance, an instrument of chaos, in the grip of the forces he symbolizes? To settle on this as an answer would be to ignore the tone of the passage. The Chaucer-like references to authority—"some say," "And sooth it seemes they say," "For him . . . they call"—produce an interesting effect, the sense of a "new idea," a change of mind which has slowly asserted itself throughout the gardens passage. Spenser seems almost to stumble upon the Venus-Adonis image, and he does so by way of—as an extension of—the pleasure garden. At the beginning of the garden passage, we were told that this garden was called by her lost lover's name. Now the lover is found, borrowed from the Ovidian myth depicted in Malecasta's tapestry. Spenser is reviving the traditional myth in his own soul. The first "some say" indicates a slight hedging, an appeal for support from tradition. As he meditates on the image his certainty increases, and stanza 47 is primarily his explanation for the *sooth* of what "they say." The explanation can be felt to proceed from the first to the second of the two meanings locked in that ambiguous phrase—from the death-oriented Adonis to the living Father of all forms. This results in the apex of the vision beginning at stanza 48: "There now he liveth in eternall blis." The formula is repeated in the next stanza: "There now he lives in everlasting joy." *There now* has a triumphant ring, the clear outcry of a *Eureka*. The labour of the imagination seems to have been fulfilled, the image is fixed in all its lucidity as a *now*, a qualitative moment or state of vision which is bound by no particular time, is in a certain sense out of time. We feel it as the immediacy of a psychic present, a living form, that knows nothing of passage. But precisely what vision is this, what does it mean, what will it tell us of Love?

Whatever this new vision is, it is qualified by a curious addition in stanza 48:

> There now he liveth in eternall blis,
> Joying his goddesse, and of her enjoyd:
> Ne feareth he henceforth that foe of his,
> Which with his cruell tuske him deadly cloyd:
> For that wilde Bore, the which him once annoyd,
> She firmely hath emprisoned for ay,
> That her sweet love his malice mote avoyd,
> In a strong rocky Cave, which is they say,
> Hewen underneath that Mount, that none him losen may.

The boar that gave death to Adonis and pain to Venus is not itself done away with or exiled to some remote place,[23] but kept alive directly underneath the bower. It is not merely fear of escape, for Spenser could have had him killed; it is rather to keep him from straying. And the boar is part and parcel of this new vision; the mountain and bower of Venus are not fully concrete until we become aware of the cave hewn out within. The boar seems to be Spenser's metamorphosis, at this point, of Time-Death—the ache of mortality and pain of love, imprisoned yet alive and very close to the pleasure garden. Adonis, the life principle, and the boar, Time-Death (or, as Renaissance mythographers have called it, Winter), are simultaneously revived—the first from the Ovidian flower state, the second from the non-existence into which death was willed by the pleasure-garden impulse. The terms of the vision are such that one cannot be revived without the other. As the boar, the whole import of time and death enters into the Venus-Adonis myth.

The boar is an image which allows the poet to confront the fact of death on a favourable footing. Time is visualized, characterized, depicted as a dweller in the ideal place, imprisoned in a dream that will not exhaust itself in the service of death. The meaning of Time-Death as conferred through the image of the boar, takes on a special quality: it is the enemy to be chastized, the beast to be hunted and captured; it bears the connotations of animal passion, the law of the jungle, the forces of violence and destruction. As a natural foe it must be contained, kept in mind, "firmely imprisoned for ay" within the rock on which the pleasure garden is founded. And here a strange ambiguity inserts itself. The first line of stanza 49, "There now he lives in everlasting joy," means literally Adonis, but a certain vagueness of reference lingers from the preceding lines whose subject is the boar. Adonis is also, in a sense, the prisoner of Venus, "hid from the world . . . that none him losen may." It is not only that Adonis and the boar at moments seem two sides of the same thing, but also that the place in which both are imprisoned is the place of myth, the imagination. It is the relationship binding them together that gives to each and to both their full meaning.

It scarcely seems possible to resolve the contradiction in stanza 47. Quite the opposite strategy is demanded: we are, for the moment, asked to see one situation from contrary perspectives, Adonis rising from Chaos and descending from heaven. There are two conflicting orders here, two opposed laws conjoined in the figure of Adonis: the law of the conserva-

tion of matter and the law of the conservation of spirit. The two forms of consciousness previously displayed—that of the forcing garden and that of the pleasance—merge in conflict. These two perspectives fade together and pull apart, continually turning the passage inside out. Shortly after, the enemy is imprisoned in the shape of the boar, and the boar is conquered. The cosmology of death, the forces of matter and chaos, are caught in a symbolic form and subordinated to the cosmology of life, spirit, eternity. The presence of the boar transforms the meaning of eros: no longer merely the unconscious force that drives species or the conscious escape to pure pleasure, eros works through time, death, suffering, and tension toward the development and fulfillment of a single human soul, toward the knowledge of true love whereby each soul recognizes the value and dignity of the other. It is because this must be understood that the boar is neither killed nor exiled, but kept fast in the cave of consciousness as it is already in the cage of the body.

If we turn our gaze to the final tableau we may see what the poetic imagination has accomplished (sts. 49–50):

> There now he lives in everlasting joy,
> With many of the Gods in company,
> Which thither haunt, and with the winged boy
> Sporting himselfe in safe felicity:
> Who when he hath with spoiles and cruelty
> Ransackt the world, and in the wofull harts
> Of many wretches set his triumphes hye,
> Thither resorts, and laying his sad darts
> Aside, with faire Adonis playes his wanton parts.
>
> And his true love faire Psyche with him playes,
> Faire Psyche to him lately reconcyld,
> After long troubles and unmeet upbrayes,
> With which his mother Venus her revyld,
> And eke himselfe her cruelly exyld:
> But now in stedfast love and happy state
> She with him lives, and hath him borne a chyld,
> Pleasure, that doth both gods and men aggrate,
> Pleasure, the daughter of Cupid and Psyche late.

Desire begets true pleasure on the soul only "After long troubles." That Venus which the soul apprehends in the passive and passionate response of first sight is the soul's enemy. The soul must go the long way round, through exile, through insight, through the labour of control, will,

imagination, chastity. It apprehends the true amplitude of love and beauty only in the second sight which is *re-spect*, in that transfigured image, that embodied idea with which the mind returns from within itself to enhance the being of another. Here again, one may compare Spenser and Leonardo:

> For soule is forme, and doth the bodie make.

> You who speculate on the nature of things, I praise you not for knowing the processes which nature ordinarily effects of herself, but rejoice if so be that you know the issue of such things as your mind conceives.[24]

This is not, of course, the poet's final word: the garden appears only halfway through Book III, and only at the very beginning of Britomart's quest. The garden is myth, and Britomart must move beyond myth, beyond the world of Faerie, into the historical world where she is destined to found and rule a nation. We may see that *myth*, as I have been using the term, and as embodied in the symbolic form under discussion, has a meaning quite different from that of the ancient concept preferred by anthropologists. Here, for example, is Plotinus: "If myths are to earn their name . . . they must necessarily develop their stories under the category of time, and present as separate many things, that are simultaneous, though different in rank or power."[25] This is based on the older notion of the priority of substantial form over accidents and operations. But Spenser's myth of the garden is a gathering up of many separate things and processes into a single subsequent form which is their symbol and which, only by virtue of its simultaneous or "spatial" unity, can hold them in meaningful relationship. To this infolding of myth is opposed the unfolding of narrative time, historical adventure. In the systolic moment of myth the soul isolates itself from time, contracts itself to imagination, reforms experience as symbol. It creates a hypothetical world, not only because its forms are mindmade and imaginary, but also because they are hypotheses —attitudes or "mental sets" which confront, which are submitted to and tested by, the forces of history.

The stabilizing and "infolding" activity of Spenser's garden myth is apparent in the way the various aspects of Venus, fragmented in discontinuous and discontinued narratives, are united. We see, for example, how she comes to embody not only the Malecastan goddess lost in desire but also the earthly Venus of generation and the heavenly Venus of forms. The various maternal and erotic images of the first six cantos have been

gathered up into a single form which controls and redefines the erotic force; yet this form is not static, not isolated in a surface outline, but understood only within the dynamic field of the tableau, in relation to Adonis, the boar, Cupid, and Psyche—a field in which each figure is in some sense part of all the others. Similarly, Adonis gathers together meanings not only generated in the poem but adhering to the traditional figure of the dying god. As an image of the male lover who pleasures the voracious mother of generation, he embodies all the nameless youths who are born and quickly die, like flowers, who must perpetuate their images to supply their places. Adonis is the succession of dying lovers, germinal principles, seen from the perspective of the female, imprisoned in the world of feminine experience of which the garden is mainly constituted. By themselves these principles are isolated creative moments, sudden thrustings and vanishings. Only in the imagination—in the form conferred by myth—are they bound together. Adonis stands for that which does not endure, that moment whose very act is an instantaneous spending of itself, a sharp point of creativity. Whatever he is, he maintains himself by losing himself in others. He endures only in this myth, on this mountaintop, at this moment of Spenser's creative life.

The final tableau is not an image of dissolving plants, nor a picture of animal shapes, but a place inhabited by mythic figures—figures whose form and history and meaning have been created not by nature but by human spirit. Here nature has become culture, dream has become poetry, force has been caught up in mobile form.[26] The mountaintop represents an ascent of the spirit to a firm plateau above the ocean of change, yet full of its meaning and motion. In the flickering and momentary resolution of a single complex image, the tableau holds a multitude of references, meanings, feelings, and suggestions together in such a way that they continually act on each other, move and change as we look at the image. The tableau, which is itself a stillness, comprehends in tension the two opposed activities of pure art and pure nature: the tendencies embodied in the first two gardens. Poetry as myth, then, cuts between pure art (decoration, static convention) and pure dream, or chaos, or nature. It begins at the extremes of the rhetorical *topos* and the Jungian archetype—the inert shape and the unruly force—and it works toward some resolution which will bring life to the first, and order to the second. Poetry as myth is a stillness of form beneath which the tension, the muscular activity of its life, persists.

notes

1 This is a considerably revised version of a paper read before the Graduate English Club of Brown University at the invitation of Professor Leicester Bradner, in March, 1959. I should like to thank Richard B. Young for much helpful criticism.

2 *The Notebooks of Leonardo da Vinci*, tr. and ed. Edward MacCurdy (New York, n.d.), I, 80–1. Arundel MSS., no. 263, p. 156v., British Museum.

3 *De Amore*, II, 2, tr. Sears R. Jayne, in *Marsilio Ficino's Commentary on Plato's Symposium*, University of Missouri Studies, vol. XIX, no. 1 (Columbia, 1944), 133–4.

4 *Of Learned Ignorance*, I, xi, tr. Germain Heron (New Haven, 1954), 25.

5 The reasons for this, the differences between mediaeval and later concepts of style, and the development from the first to the second, may be found in Erwin Panofsky's important essay, "The History of the Theory of Human Proportions as a Reflection of the History of Styles," in *Meaning in the Visual Arts* (Garden City, 1955), 55–108. See especially 88–99. Panofsky emphasizes the practical autonomy of schematic and decorative canons in Byzantine and Gothic —canons which are not only independent of "nature" but whose relation to dogmatic content is accidental. Two reasons may be adduced for this: (1) Mediaeval culture is dominated by a form of constitutive imagination, called analogical or allegorical, which clearly separates the sensible from the supersensible "levels" of existence. The sources of resemblance between levels are ascribed to the higher invisible forms which God incarnates in a cosmos whose perceptual and symbolic characters are given together in a single creative act; (2) yet perceptual information—especially that given by sight—provides the basic language of forms in terms of which the realities of spirit and thought are envisaged. The system of analogical relations, the hierarchic organization of visible and invisible worlds, the very attribution of this work to God—these are all, from a purely epistemological viewpoint, projections of imagination onto reality. Thus, for example, once the analogy is established between metaphysical and physical light, between spiritual and physical place, height, magnitude, and so on, investigation in each sphere may proceed according to its own formal requirements. Given the primacy of religious content, styles are free to develop according to their own practical and decorative needs (it was precisely this primacy which was *not* given during the Renaissance and which brought on the reforms and counter-reforms). Given the primacy of perceptual form as a module for constructing reality, the purely visual qualities of any style will always be susceptible to complementary aesthetic and metaphysical interpretations. See J. Huizinga, *The Waning of the Middle Ages* (London, 1949), 222–43; Richard Krautheimer, "Introduction to an 'Iconography of Medieval Architecture,' " *Journal of the Warburg and Courtauld Institutes*, V (1942), 1–32; Meyer Schapiro, "On the Aesthetic Attitude in Romanesque Art," *Art and Thought*, ed. B. Iyer (1948), 130–50. See note 7, below, for works dealing with the concept of Baroque.

6 E.g., Panofsky, *Gothic Architecture and Scholasticism* (New York, 1958), and Otto von Simson, *The Gothic Cathedral* (New York, 1956). Panofsky, the more boldly speculative of the two, tends to lean precariously on merely verbal analogies in the second half, after opening with a brilliant description of the style of scholastic thought.

7 On the problem of defining Mannerist and Baroque criteria, see the symposia in *Journal of Aesthetics and Art Criticism*, V (1946), 77–128, and XIV (1955), 143–74; Nikolaus Pevsner, "The Architecture of Mannerism," in *The Mint*, ed. Geoffrey Grigson (London, 1946), 116–39; Ernest C. Hassold, "The Baroque as a Basic Concept of Art," *College Art Journal*, VI (1946), 3–29; Otto Benesch, *The Art of the Renaissance in Northern Europe* (Cambridge, Mass., 1945), 127 ff.; Rudolf Wittkower, *Art and Architecture in Italy, 1600–1750* (Baltimore, 1958), chaps. 1, 7, and 15. Wittkower's account of the relations between Tridentine religion and art is especially relevant.

8 The increasing quantity of theory and biography written during the late sixteenth and seventeenth centuries is a sign of this emphasis. See Wittkower, *Art and Architecture in Italy*, 238–9; for a general treatment, Denis Mahon, *Studies in Seicento Art and Theory* (London, 1947).

9 Albert Einstein and Leopold Infeld, *The Evolution of Physics* (New York, 1938), 258.

10 For an excellent and concise description see Frank J. Warnke, "Jan Luyken: A Dutch Metaphysical Poet," *Comparative Literature*, X (1958), 45–54. The relationship of Metaphysical poetry to the formal disciplines of religious meditation has been treated at length by Louis L. Martz, *The Poetry of Meditation* (New Haven, 1954).

11 "Lyric expression now does not merely describe a completed interior reality which already has its own form, it discovers and creates this very reality"—Ernst Cassirer, *Individuo e Cosmo* (Italian tr. by E. Federici), Florence, 1950. Cassirer applies this phrase to Petrarch and Dante's

Vita Nuova but I do not think interpretation would bear him out. Wallace Fowlie has described the poetry of Maurice Scève in similar terms, but though his general definition is suggestive—he draws it from Symboliste and modern theory and practice—his attempt to see Scève in this light seems rather suspect: *Sixty Poems of Scève* (New York, 1949), xii, xix.

12 See St. Augustine, *De Trinitate*, esp. Bk. XV, and Boethius, *Contra Eutychen et Nestorium*, II–IV; E. Gilson, *Spirit of Medieval Philosophy*, tr. A. H. C. Downes (New York, 1940); chaps. 9, 10, and 11 contain a full discussion of Christian anthropology, personalism, Socratism.

13 Gilson, *ibid.*, 214.

14 *Aeternitas igitur est interminabilis vitae tota simul et perfecta possessio.* Boethius, *Consolatio* V, pr. vi.

15 *Ibid.*

16 Tr. E. L. Forbes, in *The Renaissance Philosophy of Man*, ed. E. Cassirer, *et al.* (Chicago, 1948), 224–5.

17 Ernst Cassirer, "Giovanni Pico della Mirandola," *Journal of the History of Ideas*, III (1942), 333.

18 *Theologica Platonica*, IX, 6.

19 *De Amore*, II, 7.

20 This Venus is not totally identifiable with Ficino's heavenly Venus, but seems rather a combination of the two: a Venus in flux, moving from *Mens* through *Anima* toward the *Natura* of the garden. Compare *De Amore* II, 7, and see Erwin Panofsky's discussion in *Studies in Iconology* (New York, 1939), 141–5.

21 The term is borrowed from Edgar Wind, who uses it to translate Cusanus' *complicatio*. *Pagan Mysteries in the Renaissance* (New Haven, 1958), 168. The rhythm of procession and reversion ("unfolding" and "infolding") will come to be a formal principle in the Mount Acidale episode of *Faerie Queene*, VI, x, and, more extensively, in the *Mutabilitie Cantos*, where the gods are folded into Mutabilitie who is folded into Nature who is folded into the Sabaoth God.

22 I am very grateful to Leicester Bradner, who supplied and confirmed this identification, correcting my previous assumption (and that of the editor of the Variorum, vol. 3) that Amyntas was Sidney.

23 This seems original with Spenser. In *The Dead Adonis*, an anonymous poem printed in *The Greek Bucolic Poets*, tr. J. M. Edmonds (London, 1912), Venus' cupidons shackle the boar, but set him free because he repents.

24 Spenser, "Hymn of Beautie," 133; Leonardo, *Notebooks*, I, 76. MS. G 47r, Library of the Institut de France.

25 *Enneads*, III. v. 10, tr. K. S. Guthrie, *Plotinos* (Alpine, N.J., 1918), vol. 4, 1138–9.

26 See Northrop Frye, *Fearful Symmetry* (Princeton, 1947), 74–5, 228 f., 233 f. Frye, however, seems to leave Spenser at the end of the forcing-garden phase, either because he sees Spenser's garden through Blake, or because he reads it as an instance rather than as a creative transformation of the given archetype.

HERBERT HOWARTH

Eliot and Milton: The American Aspect

The pleasure in words that makes T. S. Eliot a manipulator of them, a poet, makes him a felicitous adducer of other poets' manipulations. Is it possible for a writer to quote a passage from a poem so vivaciously that its beauties light up, and yet still maintain that he dislikes the kind of poetry it represents? Apparently it is, but somewhere in the hinterland of the personality there must be disruptive influences at work separating his pleasure and his judgment.

During the summer of 1937 John Masefield, Poet Laureate, addressed *The Times* with a plea for "Art in the Inn."[1] T. S. Eliot replied in the next number of the *Criterion* that for his part he had always thought of the public house as "one of the few places to which one could escape from verse-speaking, drama, and readings of prose," and that he doubted whether "the concentration required for shove ha'penny" would be improved by the incursion of Comus and his crew, even offering

> this cordial Julep here
> That flames, and dances in his crystal bounds
> With spirits of balm, and fragrant Syrops mixt.

As always in his quotations, those lines reach eye and ear more winsome than they ever seemed before, every charm suddenly discernible in the glow of his discernment. Eliot is famous for his dislike of Milton, yet here is an instance where clearly he enjoys his words.

He has toppled Milton from his eminence, yet he enjoys and loves his words. Even in the notorious 1936 lecture on Milton,[2] he let the enjoyment be seen: against the bias of his preceding remarks, he concluded with the Hebridean climax of *Lycidas*, and, himself a writer of sea and submarine poetry, praised its magnificence. "For the single effect of grandeur of sound, there is nothing finer in poetry." While his censures have distressed audiences on both sides of the Atlantic, though they have distressed, as he intended, the complacent idolator rather than the genuine

Miltonist, for whom they rather have been bracing, the fact is that he carries passages of Milton through his days and at call or at need they speak in his mind, as the poetry a man really knows and cares for does, to cheer or replenish him.

This is the base from which a study of Eliot's comments on Milton may best begin. For out of the recognition of his double, paradoxical attitude arises the next and necessary questions: what were the forces disturbing his pleasure in Milton? what led him to his militant public reservations? and what inner changes encouraged the subsequent amendment of his position and the polemical gymnastics this entailed?

Eliot's own answer is to be treated with respect, as presumably true, and with caution, as possibly less than the whole truth. The lectures have actually supplied two answers, one carefully elaborated, the other significantly summary and brusque. The first is an important argument from his practice as a poet: Milton could not interest a young poet in 1910, concerned to find his own voice and the authentic voice of his generation. Milton was as far from prose as poetry could get, whereas poetry required reinvigoration from the familiar, and especially the spoken, word. In the twenties the struggle to find a medium was still incomplete, and Milton's verse remained useless and possibly dangerous; in the mid-thirties, that was still for a little longer true, although the new medium had now been ascertained and was almost ascendant. After World War II—and, curiously enough, just before, not after, the *Cocktail Party*, that perfect blend of poetry and conversation—Eliot considered that conditions had at last changed, that poetry was perhaps ready for new heightening, and he admitted the possibility that Milton's style might at last be suggestive of example. That line of argument is utterly sound and in keeping with everything else Eliot has said on the subject of poetry in his time, but it does not account for the touch of animus in his comments on Milton.

His other answer has simply confessed a prejudice against Milton. He has put this as if it were a commonplace of literary experience, as if we all shared it, much as Dr. Johnson shared it.

Eliot's teachers certainly did not share it. He is, of course, a Harvard man. In Harvard there is a strong tradition of prejudice on the subject of Milton, but in his favour, not against him. Despite the theological revolution by which (according to that notable observer Barrett Wendell, of whom there will be more to say) Harvard and New England turned away from brooding on the depravity of the sons of Adam to an elated con-

fidence in human perfectibility, the University has never ceased to take pride in its descent from the Ironsides. It derives, President Charles W. Eliot trenchantly and triumphantly recalled on the first page of his *Harvard Memories*,[3] from "the Congregational Church; the Church of Cromwell's Independents; the Church which was most responsible for the introduction of Cromwell's views of government into New England!" It derives from the employers of Milton, and it looks back to Milton as its hero: the poet who is a statesman, the poet who is a theologian; the soldier of beauty, who is also the disciplinarian of beauty; the plenty of a New England summer in him, together with the bedrock of granite, the recalcitrance. In the days when T. S. Eliot was an undergraduate in the Yard the great seniors about him were Miltonists.

In particular, his namesake and distant relative, the formidable, continentally-celebrated President of the College, Charles W. Eliot, was a Miltonist. In the Five-Foot Shelf of classics which President Eliot produced as the first fruits of his retirement, Milton was one of the two poets to whom he accorded the fullest representation; and he made a point of explaining why in his Introduction:[4]

> The poems of John Milton and Robert Burns are given in full: because the works of these two very unlike poets contain social, religious, and governmental teachings of vital concern for modern democrats. Milton was the great poet of civil and religious liberty, Puritanism, and the English Commonwealth, and Burns was the great poet of democracy. The two together cover the fundamental principles of free government, education, and democratic social structure.

Was Eliot's denigration of Milton a reaction and retaliation against that dictum of the Five-Foot Shelfer? In support of such a view it can be shown that he has, similarly, never had a good word to say for Burns (Robert Frost tells that in conversation he grudgingly allowed Burns to be a poet, but turned the talk to Dunbar). President Eliot made it easy for his undergraduates to confuse him with the image of Milton. He constantly appeared in public to harangue them on liberty and its privileges and opportunities; they knew him well; and a boy with the historical sense of the young Eliot might detect how he inwardly listened for news of the Thirty Years War, pealed the bells for Protestant victories, seethed like a patriarch or a poet over the massacre of slaughtered saints: how Milton was his Inner Poet and Familiar. A year before his retirement Harvard exercised in honour of the Tercentenary of Milton. George Gordon lectured on the "Life and Works" in the Sanders Theatre and President

Eliot introduced him to the assembly. T. S. Eliot, then a Junior, may have been in the auditorium, or may have dodged; in either case, it is likely that his eye fell on a report—couched in the best Basic of undergraduate journalism—in the *Crimson* of December 9, 1908:

> President Eliot said that Milton expresses the aims and ideals of Harvard University by his life more than any other man. He was one of the greatest Puritans of his time, and Harvard College was founded by Puritans to supply a religious education. He was a great writer of prose and poetry, and teaching the English language is one of the greatest aims of the University. He was the apostle of civil and religious liberty, which is what Harvard College was dedicated to at the outset.

Imagine the contentious young Eliot hearing or reading that—a young man who has just found Symons and the French; whom the piquancy of the late nineteenth-century French diction has newly quickened; whom Baudelaire's intuition of evil has just penetrated, and with it the first illumination of France and her spiritual-intellectual dynamic, France Catholic and France laic. He reacts with a hatred of the Puritans, with a conviction that the English language cannot be taught through Milton, with a nostalgia for less, not more, civil and religious liberty.

Eliot's attitude to Milton is bound up with his attitude to the President of Harvard in his undergraduate years. It is a matter of the annals of our century that Eliot was in revolt against his background, that, once settled in Britain, he did not revisit U.S.A. for eighteen years, and that during the long interim he became a British citizen. It is equally well known how he reacted against the system of university education that had given him his training—training that cultivated his mind to its unusual excellence, but this consideration he disregarded. In his criticism of American education he has more than once used President Eliot as a type-figure on whom to pin the responsibility for type-blemishes. Addressing the Classical Club at Harvard in 1933 on the subject of "Modern Education," he attacked the emphasis on *numbers*:[5] "American universities, ever since Charles William Eliot and his contemporary 'educators,' have tried to make themselves as big as possible in a mad competition for numbers." Charles Eliot, he said and deplored, "taught America that a university should be as big as possible." Secondly, he attacked the elective system, a plan which, it has often been stressed, the President of Harvard did not invent, but which nevertheless was constantly associated with his name.

His assault on the President's theories and practice of education was a "part-for-the-whole" strategy. He was really attacking the society and the

social doctrines with which the elective system is consonant. When young people are allowed to make their own choice of the subjects they will explore, the assumption is that their inclinations will lead them naturally to what is best. That corresponds in the social structure of democracy to the assumption that everyone is capable of exercising the best choice, or at least that the aggregate of choices will be for the best, or at the very least that if a mistake is made once, people will have enough sense to recognize it and choose right next time. The old President did believe this; he believed in human perfectibility. The poet Eliot has expressly rejected it. In his view it is unlikely that "natural and unregenerate man" will make the right choices when permitted freedom to choose.[6] He believes—or has believed—that too many people are choosing too freely, and that they should rather conform. To this highly disputable but strongly entertained position his undergraduate opinions coalesced, and remained unchanged for many years. He had, after all, acquired them under the pressure of a powerful force—and with the shaping help of two remarkable teachers.

Charles Eliot had his opponents. At the outset of his career they were men with vested interests or conservative dispositions; and his conquest of these was truly beautiful, a model of wise and resolute administration. In the last decade of his reign at Harvard they were very different men, astute and subtle scrutinisers of the human situation, who respected his integrity and loved his magnanimity, but disagreed with him teleologically. Irving Babbitt published *Literature and the American College* in 1908, that crucial year for T. S. Eliot, who read the book, found in it the essence of those very strictures on his educational system cited above, and was won by it. Years later he was saying that the book was the best of Babbitt. Almost equally influential was an older scholar, Barrett Wendell. Wendell was the historian of the change in New England from Calvinism to Unitarianism, repeatedly recalled the virtues of the old gloom and knowledge of evil, repeatedly gainsaid the new perfectibilist assumptions, and repeatedly specified and opposed President Eliot as the arch-perfectibilist in action. He was the author of the popular *Literary History of America*, and that book meant almost as much to T. S. Eliot as *Literature and the American College*. Its pages lie behind one of the few articles he ever wrote on American literature in general, his review in the *Athenaeum* of April 25, 1919, where he took the opportunity to recommend it to my uninformed British compatriots as the best survey of the New England background. The book was one of his touchstones. In fact, if we can find

in any one place the prompting of his flight to Europe, we can find it in that book, which spoke so astringently of the New England the President loved, and warned a boy full of ambition (that last infirmity of noble mind) that its civilization was too thin, was insufficiently "corrupt," to produce great art. For it said, as its author had already maintained in the elegaic *Stelligeri*, that America was characterized by a national inexperience. And so (ignoring Wendell's addendum, that the national experience was rapidly growing) Eliot followed Henry James to London, and became, while still young and impoverished, Bloomsbury's sage, and also its best-dressed fellow, exhibiting in that, too, a resemblance to his monitor; for Wendell was a dandy, conspicuous in Cambridge for the look of a man just off the doorstep of a London tailor:

> The atmosphere of London is so well suggested there,
> You'd think you were in Rotten Row instead of Harvard Square

—the author of these Gilbertian lines being T. S. Eliot's brother, Henry Ware Eliot, Jr.[7]

It is a curious fact that Charles William Eliot had foreseen at the first perusal of the *Literary History of America* that it might disconnect an eager young man from his heritage. He wrote to Dean Briggs on March 13, 1901:[8]

> Wendell's new book is highly interesting and meritorious. . . . [But] he implies that moral purity—national or individual—is the accompaniment, or the result, of an experience undesirably limited. . . . If he be right, will not the courageous youth or nation say—give me the large, rich, various life; I prefer Voltaire to Dr. Holmes.

Wendell did not precisely drive his most courageous youth to Voltaire, that is to godlessness, but he drove him to Voltaire's Europe, to Pascal and Racine, to the old Church with its "experience" and its system for reconciling experience.

It must be admitted, however, that Wendell was a warm Miltonist. If Eliot read Wendell on Milton,[9] he later echoed from him, not his prevailing praise, but his incidental animadversions. In fact, in the lecture of 1936, Eliot may be drawing on deep-secreted memories of Wendell's delineation of Milton's artificial style as "the furthest from unthinking utterance" and his observation that Milton's Eden can only be visualized in terms of "some Bolognese picture." He took from the masters only what he wanted to take,[10] and this did not include anything in Milton's favour; whereas it did include everything that offered intellectual support

for his reaction against the President and his country's interpretation of freedom, and for his construction of an alternative development.

In the young Eliot's mind the Milton icon merged with the features of the patriarchal, benevolently tyrannical President, and the prejudices he cherished against the living man swept against the dead poet. Such intense feelings, though they rush suddenly into the mould of a particular prejudice, cannot have been generated suddenly. There must have been a long building-up of pressure, in years before he had yet entered Harvard, before he had even entered the—inauspiciously-named—Milton Academy for his preparation. He had long been aware of the President, who was a remote relative, who had spoken in St. Louis in 1903, and whose Harvard reputation was reported by his elder sister, a student of Radcliffe, by other sisters in Boston, and by his brother of the Harvard class of 1902. His rebellious impulses may have swung against the patriarch from an early date. But it is not necessary to suppose this, if a different hypothesis is valid: that the rebellion was directed against the President as a *name*. The President was a surrogate for other Eliots: for the poet's father, and his paternal grandfather, the St. Louis minister, William Greenleaf Eliot. He was a surrogate for the clan and the family tradition that William Greenleaf Eliot had established. Knowing himself to be the tenderest shoot, the Joseph, whose defection would hurt most, T. S. found it hard, impious, to attack his home directly. But the President who belonged distantly to the family and shared its name, and who loomed like a god and a tyrant, he could attack him. There is a chain of surrogates: Milton is a surrogate for the President and all the President stands for; the President is a surrogate for the family and all it stands for; above all, he is the dead grandfather reincarnate. The process is the easier to understand when it is remembered how Milton was *the* poet of William Greenleaf Eliot's generation and group. The minister had claimed Milton as a Unitarian.[11] The minister's friend, J. F. Clarke, had written "We admire Shakespeare and love Milton."[12] Thomas Lamb Eliot (son of the minister and uncle to T.S.) had memorized *Paradise Lost* during a 129-day voyage to San Francisco via the Horn.[13]

William Greenleaf Eliot had passed away the year before Henry Ware Eliot's last child was born, but, so powerful had been his character and his rule, that for two decades he still seemed (T. S. Eliot told a St. Louis audience in 1953[14]) to preside over the family. From 1834 he had worked in St. Louis for the Unitarian Church and had superbly represented it; he

had been devoted to liberty and had fought for it. If there were details—and there were—on which he differed in outlook from Charles William Eliot, they were only details. Broad and large, both men stood for the same outlook on state and church and the human soul. The image of one easily took the place of the other in the psyche of a growing boy.

Now there comes a question: what part does the Civil War play in Eliot's attitude to Milton and to his family? What part do both civil wars play, Britain's Civil War of the seventeenth century and America's of the nineteenth, which are complementary for all of us and inseparable in the myth-country of Eliot's mind? In the 1947 lecture on Milton he pointed out that the bitter memory of old factions predetermined Dr. Johnson against the poet of the Commonwealth, and explained "that the Civil War of the seventeenth century, in which Milton is a symbolic figure, has never been concluded. The Civil War is not ended: I question whether any serious civil war ever does end." Autobiography, sometimes overt, sometimes implicit, sometimes disguised, is frequent in Eliot's criticism, and it can be heard ringing in those words, particularly if we correlate them with the exordium to his Charlottesville addresses of 1933[15] where he mourned the American Civil War as a catastrophe "from which the country has never recovered and perhaps never will." In his mind both civil wars blazed like the same civil war for more than half his lifetime. He refought them every day, trying to reverse the route of history. To refight the American Civil War and to imagine the purple empire of a seceded or dominant South was itself an act of Civil War—against the Eliots. William Greenleaf Eliot had been an Unconditional Unionist and throughout the war had laboured as a director of the Western Sanitary Commission, and all the Eliots of the sixties had either struggled or prayed or anguished for a Northern victory. Their most sensitive and gifted descendant, growing up a generation later, lamented the industrial gigantism, the commercialism, around him, and, justly or not, interpreted it as the results of the Northern victory. From that point, he inferred, America had taken the wrong way forward, away from grace and faith and a limited lovely order towards President Eliot's *numbers* and size and chaos. Wendell's verdict on the national inexperience sent him to Europe; but a co-operating impulse was flight from the Civil War, the impulse behind all the expatriates, even behind Henry James. And once he was in England the old process of surrogation resumed, only now coiling back on itself. Fighting the Civil War over again in the deep region below

dreams, he saw himself not in the Border States but in seventeenth-century England, at Little Gidding, at Worcester, and on the block. With sympathy—more, with fervour—he read the poets and preachers who had stood, directly or indirectly, for resistance to the dissenters, resistance to the regicides and Milton. One consequence, of significance for English teaching and thus for all the men and women who have come out of English courses since, was the series of papers which reinforced, and perhaps determined the success of, Grierson's revival of seventeenth-century studies. Another, purely personal to him, so that it excited derision when it became public knowledge, was his affection for the word "Royalist," his choice of the word as a battle-cry. He was a Royalist; and Milton, the champion of the regicides and the intellectual ancestor of New England and Unionism, was his foe. If the living memory of the internecine war invaded Dr. Johnson's comments on Milton, how much more it invaded his!

The date of Eliot's adoption of British nationality and his statement on Anglicanism and Royalism was 1927. Since he had tended to identify Milton, the old master, with the oldest American university and its head, and the Eliot clan and its grand St. Louis head, he grew during the twenties and very early thirties to identify Dryden, the young newcomer, the poet of the King Restored, of *Astraea Redux*, of grace and good easy conversation come back into its own, the first professional critic, the religious explorer and experimenter, and eventually the firm Catholic—he grew to identify this Dryden with that southern-sympathizer and best-conversationalist-in-London and new critic and Warden of St. Stephen's Church, Kensington: himself. Eliot's first printed remarks at the expense of Milton were made in the context of a salute to John Dryden. This is connected with his literary and rational explanation of his attitude to Milton: that in him he found no aid in the search for transparent poetry and conversational drama, whereas in Dryden he found a model assimilation of the speaking voice to art. It is true that Dryden helped him more than Milton; but that was not a *motive*, it was a *result*. The whole story is an amazing record of psycho-biological adaptation: he found Dryden, and an English avenue of development for the conversational style hitherto dependent on France, because Dryden came dapperly out of history as the antithesis of Milton, in whom he had projected the revolt against his family and people. This intersection of psychological needs, and the simultaneous flourishing of the destructive and creative in it, is so intricate that it cries for a Lawrence Durrell to decipher it.

And still there are intricacies within intricacies. The young Eliot who protested so strongly against encirclement by his Miltons and could only grow by breaking through the cordon was obviously a Protestant. He was a Protestant against his ministers—his grandfather and uncles, and the long line of ministers of Harvard, including that Reverend Henry Ware commemorated in his father's name—when he turned to English Catholicism. He was, if not a regicide, a patricide, when he became a Royalist. He was Miltonic when he refused Milton and said better to reign in England than serve in America. Rebellion in his epoch took the form of reaction, and recourse from liberty to authority, but it was still rebellion. He was Milton the rebel, with Milton's contentious mind. Like Milton he overthrew authority and himself assumed authority. Only, there is one difference: he divested himself of Milton's acrimony; for he had read in Arnold that violence in argument was the mark of the provincial mind, persuasion the mode of the civilized; and he could not bear to be provincial.

Even in their approach to poetry Milton and Eliot were very much alike. They were possessed by the simultaneous and interpenetrating ambition to be poet and preacher: to be *vates*. They both believed that theology was the highest duty of man and his best delight; and they both knew on their nerves that their delight was poetry; and they made their poetry and their theology one.

So Milton was what the Jungians would call Eliot's "shadow-figure": a brother, practically a twin, a secret self from whom he must avert his gaze, or, if he gazed, burst out in protest at the self revealed. Dryden resembled the self he wanted to be; Milton was much more like the man he was. Dryden was the stranger from whom he could learn a new tongue, new customs; Milton was his own image, feared, horrific, until he came to terms with himself. If it be objected that I am having it both ways, by claiming that Milton was his family whom he repudiated, and himself whom he could hardly endure to find, why, I am having it both ways; for in the normal human situation the psyche does march into contradiction and conflict; though the issue is seldom fought so fully in the view of a whole society, as Eliot fought it, and seldom fought, as he has fought it, on behalf of the whole society. Early in the struggle he tried, in a brief, brilliant, wilfully grotesque caricature, to explain that he was engaged in a tragic agon, and that Milton had a place in the symbolism of it, by calling his fragmentary draft of a play *Sweeney Agonistes*.

The widely-spaced public pronouncements on Milton correspond

roughly with Eliot's patient discovery of himself. His first remarks, as we have noticed, belong to the hour of disjunction from America and affiliation with Royalist England. Even at that date, in the way of sensitive minds, he was beginning to seek his family again by reading his mother's books, and the beautiful Ariel poems resulted; but he stood by his deliberate act of alienation, planting his feet on the other side of the political and sociological transatlantic gulf. After his mother's death in 1930 he believed he had no more poetry to write. He was breaking down under the strain of severance from his origins. He returned to America in 1932 for a re-encounter with his past and a radical re-examination of his impulses and conduct. Out of the family reunion came immediately a complete collapse, then the first steps of recovery: the important works of the mid-thirties. The 1936 essay on Milton accompanies these. This seems for three-quarters of its length to offer no compromise; it justifies his previous position; but then comes the citation of that oceanic lament from *Lycidas*; and in the music there is a submarine note of reconciliation; and perhaps, too, a hint of the profoundest justification and consolation, since it tempts us to remember the next lines, "Thus Lycidas sank low but mounted high," and to reflect that a function of the great poet, Milton or Eliot, is, each in the way his time demands, to perish and to rise by perishing. So there is this great gleam in the essay. But still, the prevailing impression it leaves is that Milton is only partly accessible to Eliot and a modern reader: he is not a helpful poet for a conversational poet (he is not a poet with whom Eliot can yet converse); he is a poet of abstraction and music. In this last word, however, there is another gleam of promise. For it involves the remark that in his music, as in his blindness, Milton resembled Joyce; and Joyce was Eliot's contemporary *alter ego*, being like himself a rebel, a voluntary exile, an innovator, a contender against Philistines, a Catholic Milton (Joyce had boasted in his student days that he would re-compose *Paradise Lost*, and in his maturity he did recompose it as *Finnegans Wake*). Having made that correlation, Eliot assimilated Milton *qua musician* into his creative mind, and kept him at least within call while he meditated and made the *Four Quartets*, whose structure, and sometimes very texture, is indebted to a musical analogy. Consequently, although he had but recently said that Milton could not help a modern poet, Milton's command of music now helped him (not that the musical effects are the most compelling success of the *Four Quartets*, but they are a secret of the writing, which might not have been

accomplished without them); and perhaps some of the joy of the Miltonic manner, and even the Miltonic tropicality, which he had long known in the subways of his mind, came to his aid too. When he had experienced Milton as a help, he then permitted himself to theorize that Milton could be a help to others, and wrote the lecture of 1947, and as he theorized he found he could isolate further ways in which Milton might be helpful: by his craft as a linguistic inventor, by his architectural power, by his genius in the marriage of music and meaning.

Before it makes these stimulating concessions, the 1947 lecture still rolls with the sound of fighting: it is there that the militant figure of Dr. Johnson and his memories of the Civil War are set on the page. Perhaps in all human affairs and in this, the end of fighting never completely comes, only the idea of the end. Just as when Eliot was furthest away from America he was reading his mother's books, so now, when he has sealed a peace with his family and made gifts to his land, he is still shaken on the margin of his being by the skirmishes of splinter-groups, out of touch with the centre and fighting the old war. But at the centre there is reconciliation. In his poetry it was first enacted in the conclusion of *Little Gidding*. There, as everyone knows—for it at once seized the imagination of the world—the English Civil War is seen in the aureole of history, and, partisanship foregone, the representative figures of both factions are beatified: Milton and the Ferrars alike, the King and Cromwell alike. By the equation which we have been discussing, the American Civil War is illuminated and hushed in the same revelation, and Charles William Eliot and William Greenleaf Eliot on the one side, and Babbitt and Wendell and the Fugitives and the errant, Grail-intoxicated T. S. Eliot on the other, are perpetuated in interdependent suffering which is love and tranquillity. When he was still at Harvard, Eliot had heard it demanded around him[16] that the sacrifice of both armies in the American Civil War should be equally commemorated, as it was equally respected, by their common posterity: the students had pressed to have the names of Harvard's Confederate dead added to the names of the Northern dead on the tablets in the Memorial Hall. Intellectually he had recognized the justice of the claim at once, but it waited at the doors of his poetry for thirty years, till he admitted it in *Little Gidding*.

That "cordial Julep" demonstrated how Eliot loves Milton's poetry, though so many factors debarred him so long from confessing it. Similarly, he loves the family against which he revolted. He has learned from his

family, imitated his family, and written from them and for them even while combatting their causes. And the final consequence of the equation is that he loves America, and has been using his American heritage, and making returns and contributions to it, even when he has been furthest distant. He is that kind of patriot, a strange, but, some would say, the truest kind, who goes away for love. At the crown of his life, as part of his reconciliation, he avows himself an American poet.

notes

1 See *The Times* (London), June 8, 1937. Eliot's reply is in his "Commentary" in the *Criterion*, October, 1937.
2 The 1936 lecture is printed together with the 1947 lecture in *On Poetry and Poets* (London, 1957). There is a valuable survey of Eliot's changing position on Milton by E. P. Bollier in *Tulane Studies in English*, VIII, 165–92.
3 C.W. Eliot, *Harvard Memories* (Cambridge, 1923).
4 See *The Harvard Classics*, vol. 50, 7.
5 See T. S. Eliot, *Selected Essays*, 3rd ed. (London, 1951), 509–10. Compare his "Commentary" in the *Criterion*, January, 1938, and some instructive pages in H. W. H. Powel, Jr.'s unpublished dissertation (Brown, 1954), "Notes on the Early Life of T. S. Eliot."
6 On points like this the writer on Eliot meets a difficulty: he must report faithfully, and inasmuch as he loves Eliot is likely to report warmly; yet he may well be opposed to Eliot's argument. My private preferences in this matter are on the side of the American university.
7 See *Harvard Celebrities: . . . Drawings by Frederick Garrison Hall '03, Edward Revere Little '04, Verses by Henry Ware Eliot Jr. '02* (Cambridge, 1901).
8 Quoted in Henry James, *Charles W. Eliot* (Boston, 1930).
9 Barrett Wendell, *The Temper of the Seventeenth Century in English Literature* (New York, 1904).
10 Compare Eliot's "Commentary," the *Criterion*, July, 1937: "People are only influenced in the direction in which they want to go. . . ."
11 See W. G. Eliot, *Discourses on the Doctrines of Christianity* (Boston, 1880), 97.
12 Quoted from *Nineteenth Century Questions* by D. K. Colville in his unpublished dissertation (Washington University, St. Louis, 1953), "James Freeman Clarke."
13 See Earl Morse Wilbur, *Thomas Lamb Eliot* (Portland, Oregon, 1937).
14 See the lecture, *American Literature and the American Language* (St. Louis, 1953).
15 Printed as *After Strange Gods* (London, 1934).
16 See, for example, the *Crimson* of February 10, 1910.

ROBERT PREYER

Sydney Dobell and the Victorian Epic

In 1857 Sydney Dobell, author of *The Roman, Balder, Part One*, and *England in Time of War*, delivered a major address before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. Entitled "The Nature of Poetry," this three- or four-hour address appears to have been received with no enthusiasm whatever. It appeared once again in a posthumous collection of Dobell's *Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion* (1876), but by this time few reviewers were interested in the warmed-over lucubrations of the once notorious leader of the Spasmodic School. This was an unfortunate, if not unprecedented, oversight. In its printed form the address is an impressive and significant document for the literary historian and theorist and it has, as well, considerable interest for anyone who concerns himself with the cultural history of the period. It documents in a remarkable way the impact of linguistic and anthropological studies on the mind of a Victorian poet and is filled with references to the latest theories in several branches of the natural sciences. Thus, to defend the proposition that "an organized aggregation of small poems" constitutes the proper structure for the Victorian epic, Dobell employed an ingenious argument taken from his reading in, of all things, optics. Physiology provided a criterion for the selection of metres; physics and electromagnetism were called in to explain the way synaesthesia worked, and to account for the possibility of pre-existing relationships between phenomena which were normally thought of as belonging to different categories of ideas. (Dobell contended that these relationships were recognized and presented to consciousness through the "metaphorical identifications" found in the arts.) We are dealing with a virtuoso of the New Learning. The findings of science delighted Dobell; he used them in an entirely subjective manner as a stimulus to his imagination and a source of descriptive analogies. Science was the obvious ally, it turned out, in Dobell's efforts to describe and define "The Nature of Poetry." The title of the address is something of a misnomer. Dobell thought that an account of the highest literary form—the epical—was

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tantamount to a description of poetry as a whole. This was the form which he struggled to perfect throughout his artistic career, and he held that a new sort of epical poem was the inevitable form in which the literary genius of the age would find its embodiment. In his address he proceeded to analyse the principles of construction it involved, spoke at length of the devices of style to be employed, and set forth a fascinating account of the area of experience governed by the form.[1] It is information worth the having. The faulty structure of long Victorian poems has been pointed out time and again by critics of our own day—usually by critics who consider it a heresy to consider the formal intentions of artists. The assumption is that there is one type of successful structure (regardless of genre) and that a "sensitive" critic will invariably respond to its presence. Perhaps the time has come when we are willing, once again, to interest ourselves in the intentions of writers. In Dobell's case they turn out to be surprising and complicated, continually calling to mind the *obiter dicta* of Ezra Pound and his admirers. Nor is this the only touch of modernity in the Victorian backwater inhabited by Dobell and the Spasmodic School of poets. I. A. Richards' physiology of communication is very much in evidence as is T. S. Eliot's theory of the objective correlative. The speculations on "root metaphors" in Owen Barfield's *Poetic Diction* are here anticipated—as are Cassirer's accounts of the way poets renew the expressive potential of language. A fascination with the workings of metaphor and melopoeia is everywhere visible. Dobell shared a good many assumptions and preoccupations with twentieth-century theorists of literature; evidently his experience of life led him to ask the same sort of questions and to seek answers in the same quarter.

Intellectually, Dobell seems to have inhabited a solipsistic world in which the human condition was loneliness and isolation. He came to believe that the only way one could communicate a true report of the inner condition was by calling up in imagination a peculiar order of images which bore a mysterious resemblance to feelings and which could be imitated or mimed by an order of words. To have such images in consciousness marks one as, potentially, a poet. The ability to imitate them in language marks one as an artist-poet. Dobell referred to these mysterious images floated into consciousness by the imagination as "imaginative objects." He believed that they were accessible to others, constituting, as it were, a middle ground between poet and reader and therefore of great use in the poetic effort to bridge the gap between external and internal

between society and self. In our time, Yeats, Joyce, Pound, Eliot, Mann, and many others have been similarly concerned with the heuristic powers of the image (possibly as a response to their sense of loneliness and isolation). Thus Joyce explained how the mind of the artist, arrested in "a luminous stasis of aesthetic pleasure" perceived "the aesthetic image . . . apprehended as one thing . . . self-bounded and self-contained upon the immeasureable background of space and time which is not it." Yeats referred to the "aesthetic image" as "symbol." But by whatever name we know it, it is a central concept in modern poetics. Joyce's image and Yeats' symbol are identical with Dobell's "imaginative objects" or "facts of the imagination": arrived at by the same discipline, arousing similar reactions in the minds that perceive them, and fulfilling the same social and psychological need for integration and relationship in a society where communication consists largely and increasingly in the listless exchange of clichés and abstract counters. Is it any wonder that Dobell's formulation should remind us not only of those writers but in a very specific way of Jung? One point emerges very clearly. The underlying assumption in Dobell's thought, a belief in the truth (as well as the usefulness) of the images presented to the poet by imagination and afterwards imitated by him in language, is shared by the most influential artists of recent times.[2]

II

Before going into these matters systematically, it will be useful to recall a few relevant facts about Sydney Dobell (1824–74) and the forces that went into his making. From contemporary reports he appears to have been a Victorian do-gooder, a man devoted to all sorts of liberal and charitable proposals and capable of boasting that in thirty years of married life he was never away from his wife for longer than thirty hours. He was a close friend of Mazzini and ardently espoused the causes of many other liberal nationalists. "Of practical well-doing he was never weary," the *D.N.B.* informs us, "and of jealousy he had not a tinge." One should like to know why this amiable family man with a private income and a host of friends developed such extreme formulations of the difficulty of communication and, in his imaginative work, such extraordinary fantasies concerning the isolation, guilt, and glory of the dedicated artist.[3] His life seems wonderfully pleasant, filled with constructive activity and punctuated by lengthy vacation tours in Wales, Switzerland, Italy, the Isle of

Wight, the Cotswolds. His health was not good—but then he had the means to look after himself, as a list of his travels would indicate. In some respects he resembled Sterne—another author who felt uneasily the discrepancy between solid social appearances and the elusive private identities that lurked beneath them. His passionate addiction to poetry must have had something to do with a search for identity. The grounds for his unease are to be found in his curious upbringing. Dobell's father was a successful suburban merchant and a zealous Dissenter, author of a formidable pamphlet entitled "Man Not Fit to Govern Mankind." He insisted that his son be brought up in the home, apparently on the principle that both school and university were likely sources of spiritual contamination. The home discipline was as severe as it was with Ruskin, and it is recorded that young Sydney was fearfully overworked. Following the pattern of other isolated, brow-beaten children, he read omnivorously and unsystematically, creating within the Calvinist framework a private world which offered some sort of reprieve from the unrelenting pressures of the daily round. What he read, of course, bore little relation to the "approved classics" to be found in less puritanical households. He became, like Robert Browning, a suburban virtuoso—and like him, continually employed obscure references and allusions under the impression that others must have come by the same odd bits and scraps of learning as he had. In the imposed isolation of dissenting propriety, kept ignorant of money or the exigencies of a career, these unworldly youths developed a passionate delight in knowledge. It was not for use, in the usual sense of material to be verified or produced before examining boards: it was the substance out of which they constructed life. They early began that subjective conversion of knowledge into experience which is the distinctive mark of the mature artist. The result, in both cases, was curiously rich and melodramatic; someone has described it as the romanticism of the Chapel. From the imagery and doctrine of apocalyptic protestantism, Dobell easily found his way to the congenial corpus of neo-Platonic writings. Protestantism supplied the vision of Everyman engaged in a private, internal, but universally significant, search for spiritual salvation; neo-Platonic formulations softened and glamourized the Christian drama, enveloping it in a hazy mythology having to do with hidden forms of knowledge to be revealed to the Elect seeker after the Way. These influences merged in his sensibility; out of them was precipitated the familiar figure of the Poet-Alchemist, archetypal representative of man engaged in the quest for

saving knowledge or, more impressively, a saving *way of knowing*. This development was not at all unusual. Beddoes has left a long account of the English alchemist John Dee; Coleridge planned an epic around the activities of the alchemist Michael Scott. Browning composed *Paracelsus* and Goethe rewrote the Faust legend. Dobell (as it happens) was a close student of the fifteenth century and learned in the "prevalent superstitions—the Alchemy, Astrology, and Demonology."[4] John Sterling, Arthur Hallam, and their college companion, Alfred Tennyson, were deep in similar studies.[5] In fact, it is hard to find a young poet of this generation who did not think of himself, more or less seriously, as a latter-day alchemist. The reason is not far to seek. The function of the imagination was to build bridges over the gulfs that had opened up between the individual and his society, and, within the individual psyche, between the intellect and the feelings. If, as Dobell stated, the great spiritual need was "the reconciliation of Spirit and Matter, of the inward and outward, *which no effort of voluntary reason can achieve*" (p. 53, my italics), then the role of the poet was obvious. Like the alchemists of old, he dealt in transformations and transmutations of the given.

Many of these writers indicated what it felt like to engage in this high calling. One recalls in this connection Beddoes' *Pygmalion*, Shelley's "The Sensitive Plant" and *Alastor*, the *Endymion* and *Hyperion* of Keats, Arnold's *Empedocles on Aetna*, and Browning's *Sordello*. They speak of the forces that make their aims appear, at times, illusory, mere daydreams or favourite speculations. They doubt if they have been faithful to the Muse or again they provide accounts of "visions," as when Hallam, in "A Farewell to the South" (1830), tells of the "glory-smitten mount"

> which still
> Th'elect of Genius yearn for, hoping there
> To see in power, what they have seen in will
> Already, Truth's heaven-bounded main.

(Better examples of this romantic assertion are Tennyson's "The Poet" and "The Poet's Mind," written the same year.) But with rare exceptions these writers provide remarkably little information as to the *means* poets employ to obtain such exalted points of vantage. Sydney Dobell did—and for this reason "The Nature of Poetry" deserves more serious consideration than it has received.

The occasion for the essay is in itself an interesting piece of drama. In 1854 Dobell had published *Balder, Part One*, a long and ambitious poem

in the elevated mode we have been describing. It was followed, the same year, by William Aytoun's *Firmilian*, a lampoon on the visionary pretensions of youthful poets. Aytoun's work had an immediate success and went into a number of printings; with the result that Dobell and his friends found themselves saddled with the unmanly and abusive epithet "spasmodic," and this at a time when the unprecedented jingoism of the Crimean War was overtaking England. When Tennyson's *Maud* appeared in the following year, it naturally occurred to a good many readers to identify its hero as a sickly spasmodic, a petulant, idealistic driveller who, thanks to the war, managed to pull himself together and act the part of a red-blooded Englishman. The identification was helped along by *Sonnets on the War* (1855), a joint production of Dobell and Alexander Smith (who was the second most notorious "spasmodic"), and by the appearance in the following year of Dobell's *England in Time of War*. These innocuous productions reflected the excitements of the day and sold very well; no doubt many readers were pleased to reflect that the spasmodics had renounced their earlier pretensions and were returning to the altogether satisfactory mode of rhymed topical commentary. It was recalled that Dobell's first major success (*The Roman*, 1850, a gush over Italian national aspirations) was in this mode; the great Victorian audience was ready to forgive and forget the momentary aberration associated with the notorious Balder.[6] Accordingly, the Edinburgh Philosophical Society sent out its invitation. Aytoun was Professor of Rhetoric and Belles Lettres at Edinburgh; what better occasion for healing old wounds and smiling away the faults of youth? But Dobell ignored this opportunity and presented instead a lengthy, complicated, and high-flown account of the sort of poem he had always wanted to write and of which *Balder, Part One*, was a first attempt. To this we now turn.

III

The axiom with which Dobell began has already been indicated: poets are the recipients of certain valuable and unifying insights which are not arrived at by an "effort of voluntary reason." This is a common enough assertion and one expects to find something like it in the works of self-consciously romantic artists. But Dobell does not stop with the rhetorical assertion. He speculates on the mysterious source from which the poet receives these insights; but he then proceeds to suggest how this "non-

discursive" content is conveyed from the poet's mind into the poem and from the poem into the consciousness of the auditor. It is here that the interest of his essay lies. The poet's task, Dobell wrote, is to achieve "full verbal expression" for his non-discursive content. There are no rules for this. The writer asks himself "does the rhythm seem right?" "Is it all there, does it hang together properly?" He hopes that the content has been rendered and that the form he found makes it accessible to others. As a rule of thumb he suggests the following: "The full verbal expression of a feeling of mine would be such words as if I heard them in a tranquil mind would excite that feeling into the same state of activity."

The critical reader—or perhaps we had better say the literary theorist—goes about the matter quite differently. It is his task to follow after the successful artist and attempt to discover what it was that caused the communication to ring true, to be right or adequate for the experience. His concern is with the qualities and devices of language which make such communication possible. Let us see what Dobell has to contribute to the discussion of these problems.

His first remark is of no use whatever unless it be to explain why so many wretched lyrical effusions were classified as poems during this period. He divides expression into two sorts, simple and indirect. Lyrical utterance is simple, occurring "when the state of mind in the Expressor is directly succeeded by some external act, as of speech. As if, feeling love, I should say, 'I love'." This sort of response scarcely arrives at the level of art and luckily Dobell drops the matter. He turns instead to an account of the indirect mode of expression (elsewhere called "compound" or "Epical"). An indirect expression of love might be arrived at "by calling up in the imagination some beautiful object which is the equivalent of Love—that is, which would rouse my Love into activity—and *finding for that object some equivalent in words*—that is, such words as when the object has disappeared from my inward sight would make it reappear" (p. 14).

It is not easy to see what Dobell is getting at in this illustration. Deep within the psyche, he seems to suggest, a strong feeling has begun to form. But by definition internal events of this sort can have no recognizable shape or external features; presumably they are incommunicable. Nevertheless a form, "a beautiful object," is seen to emerge and float up from these psychic depths. It is first perceived by the imaginative vision; and from this outpost of consciousness the signal is flashed that a new "fact of imagination" has made its appearance. What the imagination *sees* must

be truth—in this case, it reports the presence of an image which possesses the affective qualities associated with the epithet "love." Feeling, in other words, first appears in the form of an image; it is the poet's task to render the quality of that image so that it recalls to the mind of his auditor the emotion which was its origin. But here a complication enters in. "It may happen that there are no *verbal* equivalents for that 'something beautiful' which is the equivalent of the feeling, and that the 'something' must itself be expressed by another and equivalent beautiful image for which there happen to be adequate words" (p. 14). Dobell invents the label "compound indirect expression" to designate such cases and points out that it might be more efficient to render images so recalcitrant to language, "by bodily movement, by the inflection and combination of inarticulate sounds, by the design of visible shapes." Dance, music, and the visual arts are there to express what words can handle only by a very elaborate indirection. Nevertheless he holds to the contention that "the Poet by means of words can evoke these others in the imagination of his hearer and really express himself by all the arts at once" (p. 21). It is difficult to be clear about this claim, but we can see, perhaps, that Dobell is basing it upon a doctrine of synaesthesia. A feeling calls into existence an image which cannot be recorded in language. However it is seen to have affinities to some other image which can be conveyed with words: there are correspondences linking together images that belong to different orders of sensation. Logic may be unable to account for the common affective tonality which constitutes the ground of relation, but the imagination *sees* the connections. With this line of reasoning Dobell attempts to suggest the unlimited expressive potential of literary imagery. The imaginative images or "beautiful facts of the imagination" which flare up in the inner vision of the poet can be shown to be the *expressible* equivalent of the otherwise incommunicable content of private feeling. For Dobell, feelings are the ultimate reality. The etymological significance of "express," he notes, is "to carry out," to bring into consciousness the hidden realm of feeling. It is the function of these images to *initiate* the process by which feeling is "carried out" from the isolated subjectivity and brought into the realm of conscious awareness.

These equivalents must "truly and essentially correspond" to the private feeling (p. 33). The artist who can raise them in his reader's imagination will have found a level of discourse on which the communication of certain pre-logical (feeling) contents is possible. These contents are, in

theory at least, very important. If "no effort of voluntary reason" can contribute to "the reconciliation of Spirit and Matter, of the inward and outward" (p. 53), art will have to mediate between them. Dobell is simply attempting to describe in more detail than one usually finds how the transformation of inner to outer takes place. Without some such imaginative dialectic, the elements of experience remain, as a greater poet has it, in disconnection, dull and spiritless, and we find outselves once again in the midst of a solipsistic universe.

There are many poets who have held that what the imagination "sees" —images of relation and repulsion—must be "truth." Blake is not the only artist who points out that without imaginative leaps, the mind would go round in the same circle unable to progress, analysing over and over the known content of consciousness. The difficulty, of course, is in determining what constitutes a legitimate imaginative leap. This is the critical problem in more senses than one. Let us look now at what use Dobell makes of this assertion so far as practical criticism is concerned.

Half-way through the essay, Dobell uses two illustrations to account for the fact that sensory images can be so arranged as to constitute legitimate equivalents for bodiless feelings. The first is the recent lyric, "Break, break . . . ," by Tennyson, "a song which is, as a whole, the mere metaphor of a mental attitude that everyone can understand . . . reproduced in the reader by the images which the poet sets afloat in the imagination." The criticism gets no further than this assertion of some unaccountable connection and fitness between the marine imagery and the feelings. He tries again, this time with an account of Thorwaldsen's famous statue "Night" (p. 35):

> you *feel* when looking on the Sculpture as you *feel* when looking upon Night. The Sculpture is the equivalent of your feeling, your feeling creates by reflex action, the fact of Night in the imagination; Night and the Sculpture are metaphors of each other by being common metaphors of a single state of mind.[7]

Now it is easy to point out that, after all, the marble was labelled "Night," and all this feeling is a matter of free association on a given theme. Dobell is obviously groping here for some explanation of a felt unity and connection between objects that have no logical relation. He can only insist that these correspondences were "inevitable" in their rightness, that they were not fanciful comparisons with an immediate rhetorical effect (p. 53):

> In true metaphors we shall find a recognition of something more than a phenomenal similarity, we shall find the type and the antitype, like two lines that meet somewhere

but not here, slanting towards some common truth far back in the profounds of causation, —some truth in its unity unseen and forever invisible, but, in the relationship of its remote diverging issues, *felt*, as the blind needle feels the pole, by the total perception of a consummate human mind. Recognizing thus the deep mystery that is in every true metaphor, we raise it from the rank of ornament to a solemn significance, and understand the saying of Aristotle—'the greatest thing is to employ metaphors well for this alone cannot be acquired from another but is an indication of an excellent genius.'

Here is a rhetorical account of what Barfield, following the philologist Max Muller, calls "root metaphor"—and which C. S. Lewis discusses in *The Allegory of Love*.[8] Jung's collective and mythical consciousness is another way of formulating this speculation. Dobell approached here the concept of spatial thinking (with its reliance on the simultaneous awareness of relations existing on different "levels" of consciousness) which is such a feature in modern theories of the arts. He was not thinking of cause and effect relationships between Night and the shape Thorwaldsen created: there is no effort to describe the effect of the work in linear or narrative dimensions. The connections which he responds to exist simultaneously, not sequentially, are the product of an intense and "total perception of a consummate human mind."

The basis for these perceptions is in language itself (p. 52).

In the first origin of language, all words were metaphors—that is, had an essential relationship to the facts for which they stood. And since every word of our modern languages is the result of some modification, combination, and recombination of these primitives, something of the essential relationship must still exist. . . . The consciousness of original relation is so far lost that the words of a modern language are neither algebraic signs nor metaphorical equivalents, but range between these extremes and frequently approach either.

In early hieroglyphic writing the sign pictured the thing signified; in later hieroglyphs "the sign stood not for the thing but for the first sound in the name of the thing. . . . With the modern alphabet . . . almost all trace of metaphor is lost." (P. 52.) The poet's object was consciously to reverse this abstracting process: "the whole action of his mind on language is therefore to elevate it from the sign towards the metaphor." Dobell is here anticipating the formulations of F. H. Bradley and Cassirer;[9] he is but a step away from experiments with the synaesthesia of vowel sounds, and the other symbolist ploys. But at this juncture he hesitated, then took another tack.

It was rhythm, he argued, which charged otherwise dead words (signs) with the intensity and resonance of relation one expected to find in metaphor. The affinity here to the youthful Yeats is close and, I think,

suggestive. Yeats spoke of rhyme as one of the "secondary causes of that disintegration of the personal instincts"[10] which allows a man to break with his conventional attitudes and responses. The point is clarified in some remarks in "The Symbolism of Poetry" (1900): "The purpose of rhythm . . . is to prolong the moment of contemplation . . . by hushing us with an alluring monotony . . . in which the mind liberated from the pressure of the will, is unfolded in symbols." Metre and the devices of rhythm enable one to break out of the circle of self and participate in the symbols (Dobell called them metaphors) which evoke the Great Memory. "The borders of our minds are ever shifting. . . . Many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy."[11]

> When we allow our imagination to expand away from this egoistic mood, we become vehicles for the universal thought and merge in the universal mood. . . . All our higher feelings come in this way. . . . The circle of individuality will widen out until other individualities are contained within it. . . . When once a man has reentered this, his ancient state, he perceives all things as with the eyes of God.[70]

Dobell spoke of the transforming power of rhythm in very much these terms. He believed it could have the effect Yeats pointed to, but unlike Yeats he sought rationalistic explanations for this potent rhythmical effect.[13] "Certain quantities and accents in connected words, certain verbal *motions* invoke a *direct* action on the organs of speech and hearing, and a sympathetic action in the rest of the system, bodily and mental. . . . Certain *rhythms* and measures are metaphors of ideas and feelings." (P. 55.)[14] A long passage indicates his source for this—he has been reading about electromagnetism and sound waves, of the wonderful extent to which "vibrations are propagated through matter, and when once set in motion are repeated by sympathetic and other action in innumerable reflexes, each bearing computable relations to the original impulse." The very health of the body depends on the rhythm of the heart, the lungs also are governed by that motion. Perhaps "every portion of the incessant vital action of the system is keeping measured dance to that great beater of time." And so he arrived at the conclusion that any good rhythm must bear "proportional relations to a time marked by a series of equal intervals, that is, to the time beaten by a healthy heart" (p. 25). It is an interesting consideration—the late Donald Stauffer took it up in his *The Nature of Poetry*—and it leads to a radically different study of rhythm from the ones we normally pursue. Dobell's rhythm exists and acts in a public, universal,

and more or less deterministic way. It is an external source of energy which can be harnessed to words and which transforms them. The rule of thumb here is simple. If a poet wants, as Dobell did, to stress the interconnections and correspondences which bind together all things and illustrate "the one life within us and abroad,"

> The feeling of life endless, the great thought
> By which we live, Infinity and God,
> (*Prelude*, XIII)

then he should employ a strong and regular measure. If, on the other hand, he is intent upon discriminating or articulating individual, isolated qualities, characters or events, he would be well advised to employ irregular metres which mime the shape of his idiosyncratic matter. Dobell, of course, was strongly opposed to singularity, preferring "Break, break . . ." over other Tennysonian productions because it imitates "a mental attitude that everyone can understand."

His scientific reading provided fascinating examples of the way in which a single force appeared in various disguises and caused complex transformations. Nature, if not a forest of symbols, was at least a tissue of correspondences. In Dobell's view the scientist studies a species of synaesthesia (p. 24):

> Chladnis (or Chaladenius) found that a sounding plate, when stroked with a violin bow, gave forth a sound but also exhibited a corresponding arrangement of the sand. . . . The laws of oscillation and interference . . . extend from Chladnis' grains of sand to Sun, Moon, and stars. . . . The two great sources of bodily sensation—sound and light—are already shown to be results of undulations that obey these laws.

A poet taps this "undulating" universal power when he employs the devices of rhythm. "There are among men an order of minds gifted with the power of . . . transfiguration" (p. 27). No great poet has been without this gift: for poetry, ultimately, is the study of the endless metamorphoses of abiding Truth.

IV

A poet who is interested in repetitive forms, in synaesthesia, correspondences, metaphorical identifications, and transformations will scarcely have time for rendering a plausible and consistently developed external action. Through a process of intensified perception, his eye discerns eternal forms in their various metamorphoses; his voyage of discovery is internal. It follows that he will feel constricted by the dramatic form and

will naturally prefer epic. "I do not mention the Drama among the great separate forms of Poetry, because the Drama is merely an Epic produced under compulsory external conditions that interfere with the natural laws of epical production" (p. 15). The ideal form, for Dobell, is the epic—or rather a variety of epic which we might label the monodrama or spiritual confession. This form often comes very close to being a reverie or an elaborately orchestrated wash of images and ideas linked together by a species of free-association. It is a rendering of the action of the mind in process of perceiving connections and relevancies among its objects. Coleridge called this the mode of the *improvisatore*, and Beddoes, in a poem by that name (1821), identifies it with minstrelry. Usually a rhythmical lead suggests the order of association among the narrative elements:

> 'Strike,' quoth the Knight, 'some simple tune,
> Like blackbird's song in leafy June;
> And veil the words you chaunt aloud
> Of love or war, in music's cloud.'
> He said: with fingers springing light
> To joyous sounds, the songster wight
> First tuned his lyre, than danced along
> Amid the mazy paths of song.

It should be apparent that the "simple tune" strongly conditions the narrative which follows. A "matter" with which the poet has long been familiar finds its order and arrangement through following a rhythmical lead. (An analogy to jazz improvisation is conceivable.)

I call this form monodrama since that term points to the importance of the speaking voice—the voice of the *improvisatore*—in the work. As Dobell's remarks indicated, the characters tend to be extensions of the central voice, aspects of his consciousness, the situations aspects of one central situation, the "plight" of the Ancient Mariner or Faust, for example. Dobell rightly insists that these long narratives are "Epical" rather than dramatic and he repudiates the label "closet drama." His use of the term "Epical" can be equated with Northrop Frye's use of *epos* to describe "the literary genre in which the radical of presentation is the author or minstrel as oral reciter, with a listening audience in front of him." (Professor Frye also points out that "in *epos* some kind of regular metre tends to predominate," which is Dobell's point too.)[15]

Another recent description of the form should be mentioned at this point. Ezra Pound has been a close student of Browning's works in this

genre. It seems possible that the *Cantos* find a structural model in *Sordello*, which Pound described as follows:[16]

> And you had your background,
> Watched "the soul," Sordello's soul,
> And saw it leap up life, and swell and burst—
> "Into the Empyrean?"
> So you worked out new form, the meditative,
> Semi-dramatic, semi-epic story,
> And we will say: What's left for me to do?
> Whom shall I conjure up: who's my Sordello:
> My pre-dawn Chaucer, pre-Boccaccio,
> as you have done for pre-Dante?
> Whom shall I hang my shimmering garment on.[16]

This description will do very nicely as a short, impressionistic sketch of the form Dobell advocated. Let us pursue the parallel a bit farther.

It is obvious that such a form has to be organized around themes and that rhythm and recurrence will play a large part in the total effect. At least it was obvious to Yeats in 1925 (*A Packet for Ezra Pound*):

> When the hundred Cantos are finished it will display a structure like a Bach fugue. No plot, no chronicle of events, no logic of discourse, but two themes, the descent to Hades from Homer and a metamorphosis from Ovid, and mixed with these medieval and modern historical characters.

Hugh Kenner speaks of the *Cantos* as a "plotless epic" and remarks, "It is usual to search for a subject matter, a plot, a line of philosophic development, such as it has been Pound's principal achievement to dispense with. In the Cantos, the place of plot is taken by interlocking large-scale rhythms of recurrence."[17]

John Berryman asks "Does any reader, who is familiar with Pound's poetry, not see that its subject is the life of the modern poet?"[18] I mention all this to indicate the sense in which Pound may be spoken of as the most recent poet of the spasmodic school. The *Cantos*, whatever one may think of them, fulfil most of the requirements of this Victorian poetic. Pound has been telling us this for some time now: critics should pay attention to what a poet says.

We come now to Dobell's reasons for preferring this sort of structure for a long poem. (I shall not directly refer to Pound's reasons, though I think they are rather similar.) A random and more or less disconnected series of events, thoughts, and attitudes would constitute the ground in

which one discerned (if at all) the operation of some unifying idea or structural principle. Without diversity what is the point of unity?

> That work of art which in construction is strictly teleologic—in which every part is essential to the whole—is artificial, not natural, architecture not Nature. . . . A work of Art should be a part—a membrum—of the great *Corpus Naturae*; a whole in so far as a member is a whole *quoad* itself, but containing many things which are not essential to that whole insomuch as they have relation to the greater whole whereof it is a part. By omitting these things, in the attempt at theoretical completeness, the work falls from Art to mechanics. [P. 73.]

Unity in art exists when the artifact manages to convey—or connect with—an external order present in nature. The created "world" of art imitates the world created by providence. "The *sine qua non* of the principle Truth in the passage is its relationship, near or remote, to the central Truth of the Greater Whole." With this qualification in mind one can then say that "the Great Poem is an organized aggregation of small Poems" (p. 20). This constitutes Dobell's idea of an epical structure suitable for his time. (It is also a fair description of the method of composition employed in *Balder*.)

One is tempted to call this structure an improvisation about a theme or a series of themes. Browning seems to have held a similar notion of poetic structure in his earlier years; and it is beginning to look as if Ezra Pound has returned to it in the *Cantos*.[19] As a method it seems terribly risky, but there are one or two clues which suggest how it could work. If we look at the sentences above we see that the relationship of the parts is to a governing theme which they amplify, extend, or depart from. Order or unity exists when the pressure of that theme is felt in the parts. Dobell seems to suggest that the theme could be insinuated indirectly through the recurrence of chains of related imagery in all the parts, images used as *leit-motifs*.[20] Secondly, the *emotions* associated with major thematic matter might be kept present to consciousness by a repetitive arrangement of rhythms and metres, in which case we have something resembling the "tone poem" of nineteenth-century music. We have already heard what Dobell thought of the power of rhythm: to which can be added this comment in an appendix to the essay, "The total sound in the Poem may be taken as a great organized corpus." Pound pursues the matter further: "I believe in an absolute rhythm. I believe that every emotion and every phase of emotion has some toneless phrase, some rhythm phrase to express it." (This belief leads to *vers libre* and to experiments in quantitative

verse.)[21] If we study the way in which Shakespeare employed image clusters to counterpoint thematic material across the narrative; if we consider the possible refinements of rhythm mentioned above as well as the control that could conceivably be exerted through a refined employment of synaesthesia, metaphorical identifications, and archetypal sequences of occurrences, the possibilities of success seem present. I do not know of any thoroughly successful poem that has been composed according to the method of Dobell or Pound. There may very well be such a poem (or poems) in existence today. The time may come when we can read Southey's *Thalaba*, Browning's *Pauline* and *Sordello*, Dobell's *Balder*, and some other relics of a neglected past with more satisfaction than is now possible. We know, of course, that the great epical narratives of the nineteenth century turned out to be written in prose. But this development is not irreversible—nor is it inevitable that the dominant form for poetry will remain the short lyric. When the change comes, the exploratory work of Sydney Dobell will be seen in quite a different perspective from that in which it appears today.

notes

1 This turned out to be his final utterance on the subject. His editor said that "the exhaustion resulting from the effort further impaired his already weak health" and that from this time forward the poet was forbidden "regular literary work" by his physicians. He was only thirty-three.

2 Joyce's account of the aesthetic image occurs in *The Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*. The relevant passages in Yeats are very numerous. In *Ideas of Good and Evil* (London, 1903), 60, he remarks: "I have found it in the prophetic books of William Blake, who calls his images 'the bright sculptures of Los' Halls'; and he says that all events renew themselves from these images." The reference is to Blake's *Jerusalem*, ll. 61–9, Plate 16. (See below, n. 7, as well.) From the essay on "Magic," one can cite his three principal ideas: "1. That the borders of our minds are ever shifting, and that many minds can flow into one another, as it were, and create or reveal a single mind, a single energy. 2. That the borders of our memories are as shifting, and that our memories are a part of one great memory, the memory of Nature herself. 3. That this great memory can be evoked by symbols."

3 The plot of *Balder* will indicate something of what is meant. Balder is a dedicated visionary, of necessity pursuing his calling in the unnatural isolation of a Gothic tower. His allegiances are to this demonic world as well as to his ailing child and grief-stricken wife. The child dies, the wife ultimately falls into madness through grief and neglect, and Balder, unable to endure her agony, causes her to die. It is a symbolist situation but perhaps Dobell came to it after reading Keats' *Letters*: "I could live like a hermit . . . bear anything—any misery, even imprisonment—so long as I have neither wife nor child." In our time, it has not only been the poet who feels the dangers of having both convictions and a family.

4 Sydney Dobell, *Thoughts on Art, Philosophy, and Religion*, introd. by John Nichol (London, 1876), x. (Henceforth page references to his volume will be inserted in the text.)

5 John Sterling's novel, *Arthur Coningsby* (1833), tells us a great deal of the esoteric studies in these circles. Arthur identifies "the pentapha and the rose of the hermetic philosophers" on a bit of

ancient glass; Isabel Barrington recalls his addiction to "strange emblems and calculations, alchemical, I believe, and astrological." On Hallam and Tennyson see my "Tennyson As An Oracular Poet" *MP* (May, 1958); for Browning, "Robert Browning: A Reading of the Early Narratives" *ELH* (Dec., 1959).

6 Cf. Mill's marginal comments in the review copy of *Pauline*, the Preface to Taylor's *Philip van Artevelde*, Arnold's *1853 Preface*, and so on.

7 I suspect that some irrational identification was often made between Platonic (or imaginative) Ideas and neo-classical sculpture, which was thought to render their nature more exactly than other art forms. See Blake's comments in n. 2; and consider this comparison of a statue to a star, a picture to a flower: "The one is apart, unchanging, independent, and sublime; it is full of a light that burns only for itself; it derives no apparent nourishment from any outward source; and it lifts our thoughts to hold communion with higher races than men. The other belongs to our earth . . . is a portion of that nature to which we ourselves belong." John Sterling, *Arthur Coningsby*, 85. Ezra Pound speaks of a "form of the mind" that a sculptor "sees in the air before he sets hand to mallet." This image is immaterial or ideal, a poetic fact that pre-exists in the mind rather than in the realm of Platonic ideas. (Cf. Canto XXV, ll. 90–1; "The Serious Artist").

8 "Evil and misery were deep and dark from the first. Pain is black in Homer. . . . To ask how these married pairs of sensibles and insensibles first came together would be great folly; the real question is how they ever came apart, and to answer that question is beyond the province of the mere historian." *Allegory of Love* (Oxford, 1951), 44.

9 F. H. Bradley defends the use of archaisms in poetry as follows: "The increased precision of language, though it is a great gain for the purpose of matter-of-fact statement, is sometimes the reverse of an advantage for the language of emotion and contemplation. Hence we find that our poetry, and our higher literature in general, often returns to the less developed grammar of the Elizabethan period." Cassirer writes that the evolution of language "was achieved only at the price of foregoing the wealth and fullness of immediate experience. . . . In the end what is left of the concrete sense and feeling content language once possessed is little more than a skeleton."

10 *Poems of Spenser*, introd. by W. B. Yeats (Edinburgh, n.d.), xiv, xv.

11 W. B. Yeats, "Magic," in *Ideas of Good and Evil* (London, 1903), 29.

12 *The Works of William Blake, Poetic, Symbolic, and Critical*, ed. E. J. Ellis and W. B. Yeats (London, 1893), I, 242, 244.

13 Thinking in terms of levels (that is, spatially) seems to be the desideratum of neo-Platonic theorization. Since Dobell held that religious truths exist on the same "level" as imaginative images, it becomes almost a religious obligation to attain to that kind of consciousness. To transform the mundane is, in effect, to be reborn in the old protestant sense of becoming aware of God's pattern. Cf. the appendix entitled "Why Poetry Should Be Religious as Distinct From Metaphysical," and see also nn. 2 and 7.

14 Surprisingly, Dobell has very little to say in favour of onomatopoeia. He contended that "the choice of words in which there is a relation of sound and sense" implies "an essential relation" not merely "sensuous similarity." Otherwise, he noted, the onomatopoetic *jeux d'esprit* of Allingham would rank higher than the less accurate but truer effects in Shelley's "Skylark" and Coleridge's "Nightingale."

15 Northrop Frye, *Anatomy of Criticism* (Princeton, 1957), 350, 365.

16 Canto I, ll. 84–94. From the second version, *Poetry*, vol. X, no. 3.

17 Hugh Kenner, *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* (London, 1951), 252, 262.

18 John Berryman, *Partisan Review* (April, 1954).

19 R. P. Blackmur, "Masks of Ezra Pound" in *Language as Gesture* (New York, 1952), 136 ff.

20 This notion was probably derived from his close study of Shakespearian imagery.

21 Quoted in David Donald, *Articulate Imagery* (London, 1955), 128.

N. J. ENDICOTT

Sir Thomas Browne as "Orphan," with Some Account of his Stepfather, Sir Thomas Dutton

Orphanage Accounts

The Reverend John Whitefoot, who probably provided most of the material for the first Life[1] of Sir Thomas Browne in *Posthumous Works* (1712), stated in the Minutes appended to that life that Browne "spent the greatest Part of his Patrimony in his Travels," but to this statement added a note: "He was likewise very much defrauded by one of his guardians."[2] Both Browne's daughter, Elizabeth Lyttleton (as reported by White Kennet), and the author of the Life gave specific figures about the patrimony, as having been £9,000, of which Mrs. Browne took her "thirds."[3] Apparently forgetting that Browne had sisters, Dr. Johnson (in *Christian Morals*, 1756) allotted him £6,000, and characteristically improved the reference to the dishonest guardian—a reference already strengthened in a short life prefixed to the 1736 *Religio*—by the words "But it happened to him as to many others, to be made poorer by opulence; for his mother soon married Sir Thomas Dutton, probably by the inducement of her fortune; and he was left to the rapacity of his guardian, deprived now of both his parents, and therefore helpless and unprotected."[4]

Of Sir Thomas Dutton nothing further is said in the 1712 Life, save that Browne accompanied him in a visitation of the forts and castles of Ireland, but Wilkin threw some light on his character by printing, from Birch's *Life of Prince Henry*, a very unflattering letter by Sir Edward Cecil, the English commander in the Low Countries, about Dutton's "mutinous and unworthy carriage."[5] The letter had particular reference to a quarrel between Dutton and his colonel, Sir Hatton Cheke, whom a little later

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Dutton killed in a duel, and Wilkin suggested that this duel was the personal point of departure for some lines by Browne which end

> O let mee never know the cruell
> & heedlesse villainy of duell,
> Or if I must that fate sustayne
> Let mee bee Abel & not Cain.[6]

"Cruell and heedlesse villainy" is not a casual phrase, even for a private notebook; a letter written by Strafford, nearly a quarter of a century after the event, and which I shall later quote, makes Wilkin's suggestion very plausible indeed.

Dr. Johnson's elaboration of the rapacious guardian reference has been smiled at, and with exceptions, notably Bullen in the *D.N.B.*, the general attitude of those who have written about Browne's life, with its minimum of known early facts, has been that his education and travels demonstrate that he was well treated. Charles Williams imagined that "during the greater part of his time at this school [Winchester] he spent his holidays with his mother and sisters at Cheapside" and that his mother "very possibly lived there for several years or until her second marriage rendered it necessary that she should take up her abode with her husband at Isleworth."[7] Sir William Osler stated that "The little Thomas was happy in his entrance upon the stage, October 19th, 1605. . . . [his mother] married a second time Sir Thomas Dutton, a man of wealth and position who gave his stepson every advantage of education and travel."[8] Professor Finch observes that "Browne seems to have been on good terms with that 'worthy person' Sir Thomas Dutton," that his visitation of Irish forts with his stepfather indicates that "the family was not broken up by the father's death and that Dutton treated his stepson reasonably well," that at worst his share as one of four children would have been the very substantial sum of £750, and that "it seems unlikely" that either his mother or his uncle "would have" defrauded him.[9] But Dr. Johnson's disillusioned feeling about the common fate of orphans is nearer the truth than the modern sentimental approach. Even so it is not without self-consciousness that one brings to light facts about the conduct of Browne's mother which the piety of her son probably kept him from communicating even to his old friend Whitefoot.

Sir Thomas Browne's father, Thomas Browne, of a good Cheshire family entitled to bear arms, was a mercer well established in the London business world. He was not the only son of the family to come to London

to make his way. His brother Edward (later Sir Thomas' guardian) was a grocer;[10] another brother was a mercer. According to the Acts of Court of the Mercers' Company Thomas Browne was given his freedom in 1594 and taken into livery in 1604—the phrasing runs "16 younge men shalbe further taken into the livery." In 1611 he contributed £2.10 for the Irish plantation, this amount, to judge from the number down for it, apparently representing a basic obligatory contribution to an enterprise regarded with little enthusiasm by the London companies. In 1612 and again in 1613 he stood unsuccessfully for election as either third or "renter" warden of his company. By April, 1602, he was married and with issue.[11] He had married Anne Garroway, daughter of Paul Garroway of Acton, Middlesex (later, perhaps, of Lewes, Sussex) and at the end of his life of Tingrith (Tingridge) Bedfordshire.[12] Paul Garroway's uncle, Sir William Garroway, and his cousin, Sir Henry Garroway, were men of importance in City affairs.

On September 29, 1613, being weak of body but strong in faith and of perfect memory, Thomas Browne (then living in the parish of St. Michael-le-Querne, whose registers were destroyed in the great fire) made his will.[13] He appointed his brother Edward, grocer, and his loving wife Anne, executors, and stated that his will and mind was that after the settlement of debts, funeral expenses, etc., such goods and chattels whatsoever as it had pleased God to bestow on him should be, according to the laudable custom of the city of London, divided into three equal and equivalent parts and portions, one full third part to go to his wife Anne, one to his four children and such child or children as his wife was then great with, and one to certain legacies (very small ones) after which the residue should go to Anne and the children equally to be divided. There were also the usual provisions for division of portions should children die.

The signature is shaky and the will was probated by Anne Browne, with power reserved for Edward, on December 4, 1613. The executors must already have been at loggerheads, and the Court of Aldermen, acting as an "orphans" court, was soon involved. An admirable outline of the position and powers of this court was given by Professor F. P. Wilson in 1927 in the paper in which he investigated the inheritance of Donne, whose mother, like Browne's, remarried within a year of her husband's death.[14] A few details are added in a more recent article by B. W. Whitlock, re-examining the Donne material,[15] and a general description of the "custom" of the city and the methods and history of the

Orphans Court are given in articles by R. R. Sharp[16] and P. E. Jones,[17] the Keeper of the records of the Corporation of London. Put as briefly as possible, these are the essential features.

The Court of Aldermen, acting as a special Court of Orphans, though not established by charter, is acknowledged at the date of the earliest City records as a body responsible for the supervision of the affairs of "orphans" of freemen, an orphan being any child under twenty-one, or, if a girl, unmarried and under twenty-one, who had lost a father. The Court was responsible not only for safeguarding the orphan's inheritance, but also for supervision of apprenticeship and marriage. By the laudable custom of the city of London referred to in the will one-third of the personal estate of a freeman, plus her "furnished chamber," went to the widow; one-third could be disposed of by will; one-third went to the children. The Court of Orphans, presided over by the Common Serjeant, "had the oversight of all moneys and personality accruing from whatever source to the orphans" (Jones), and widows were required to exhibit an inventory of their husbands' estates. It was the duty of the Common Crier to summon the executors or administrators of a freeman's estate to appear before the Court to be required to enter into a bond to bring in an inventory, usually within two months, of "goods, chattels, rights, credits, plate, jewels, ready money, adventures and debts" of the deceased. Valuation was to be made and sworn to by four freemen and this was engrossed in duplicate, the Common Serjeant calculating the amount due to the orphans. He would then bind the executors or administrators either to bring the money into the Chamber within two months or produce sureties for the payment of both orphanage and legatory portions when due. Apparently it was the custom never to make any recognizance touching orphans for an amount above £300, and the Court of Orphans sat once each year for the purpose of calling over the names of all sureties. At least five per cent, sometimes more, was paid on orphanage money in the Chamber, and executors might apply to the Court for adequate "finding money" or to meet extraordinary expenses, such as doctor, apprenticeship, or university. An enormous amount of the Corporation records at this time, especially the *Repertories*, is filled with orphanage matters.

On December 9, 1613, Anne Browne and her half-brother, Francis Brittridge, merchant-tailor, appeared before the Chamberlain of the City, Cornelius Fish, and were bound in the sum of £2,000, under the usual

formula of penalties, to bring and exhibit in the Court a true and perfect inventory "in writing upon her oth therein conteyning all and singular goodes chattelles rightes and credites plate jewelles ready money and debtes which were the said Thomas Brownes at the time of his death And doe not in the meane tyme eloigne and convey the same or any part thereof out of the freedome and liberties of this [city] without the speciall license of this Court."[18]

On March 10, 1614, an inventory was exhibited and the total is entered in the Common Serjeant's book[19] as £05667.00.0½. Under this is the statement in Latin that the testator owed £11,209.04.1 on the day of his death, and in the margin, in English, that "doubtful & desperate debts" (a formula) owed to him amount to £11,514.11.9, the conclusion being (in translation) "so that nothing remains for the wife or orphans until the doubtful and desperate debts shall have been recovered." There is also a marginal note that Anne is widow and executrix.

On July 5 the Court of Aldermen appointed Aldermen Rotheram, Bennet the younger, and the Common Serjeant to:

> examyne and consider of thestate of Thomas Browne mercer deceased for the setling thereof to the good and benefitt of his orphans and shall examyne the receiptes and disbursementes had & made of the said estate since the decease of the said Thomas Browne and shall conferre and deale with Sir Thomas Dutton knight who hath lately married the late wief and executrix of the said Thomas Browne and with Mr Paule Garraway Mr Edward Browne and Mr Frauncis Britteridg who are of neerest blood and aliance to the said orphans and shall call before them the servantes of the said Thomas Browne deceased for the better effecting & expediting of the said busines and for the better declaracion and manifestacion of the said Thomas Browne his estate at his decease and to certifie unto this Court in writing under their handes what they shall thinck fitt to be done for the setling and managing of the said estate And the said Committees shall likewise heare and end all matters in Controversie between the said Sir Thomas Dutton and the said Edward Browne one other of thexecutors of the said Thomas Browne And if they cannot end the same then to make report unto the right honourable the Lord Maior of the state of the cause and of their opynions therein And his Lordshipp elected umpier in the said cause is to end the same And both parties heere present did willingly assent thereunto.[20]

On July 14, before the Mayor, Sir Thomas Middleton, and the Court, they reported that Anne Browne and Edward Browne had been appointed executors, but that Anne only had proved the will and taken upon herself its execution and the exhibition of an inventory. The good estate they estimated at £5,667.0.0½; "doubtful and desperate" debts owing to the estate as £11,514.11.9; the sum of these amounts being £17,181.11.9½. Debts owing by Thomas Browne were estimated at £11,209.4.2; funeral

and other charges as £250; total £11,459.4.2. Thus the credit residue, good and bad, was £5,722.7.7½. But £2,500 or thereabouts of debts owing to the estate the committee considered "very desperate" and much of the rest "doubtful," the conclusion being that the estate might in time prove good to the sum of £3,222.7.7 or thereabouts.

The said Anne, however, had "altered the properties of as many of the debtes owing" and "taken them in her own name" as amounted to £1,500, and had "sithence wasted & consumed" some part of the estate, so that "it is likely & very much to be feared that unlesse somme speedy Course be taken . . . very great losse will fall to the five orphans." Moreover she is now married to Sir Thomas Dutton Knight, who, though a "very worthy gent," "being a Marshall man" may live beyond the seas, or in the country, and so out of the jurisdiction of the Court. In addition, his employment in martial affairs will stand in the way of the efforts needed to recover the debts and execute the estate.

Accordingly the committee has had conference and treaty for a composition with Edward Browne and Francis Brittridge (merchant tailor), uncles of the orphans, Paul Garroway, gent, grandfather, and Sir Thomas Dutton. In return for "the relinquishment of the executorship or at least of any further medling or dealing hereafter as Executrix," and after "many offers and profers" Sir Thomas and Dame Anne have "demanded and stood upon" a sum of £1,000 (£500 in hand, £500 in six months), plus household stuff, linen, and plate valued at £260.8.8, plus the forgiveness of a debt of £70 borrowed by Dutton from Anne Browne after her husband's death, plus £212.1.5 for maintenance since that death. In return for this sum (in all £1,542.10.1) Sir Thomas and Dame Anne agree on their own security and that of Paul Garroway "not to meddle or deal any further in the execucion of the last will & testament or to receive any part of the Testatores estate or debts" including those of which the property had been altered.

That this demand is thought "to be very great to be drawne out of so doubtfull & uncertaine an estate" is admitted by the committee, but against this is put "the danger that is like to come to the orphans" "if the execucion of the Testatores estate should not be undertaken by the said Edward Browne," the conclusion being that the course they advise is judged less dangerous and fitter and safer both by them and by Paul Garroway and Francis Brittridge, respectively father and half-brother of Anne. Edward Browne is therefore to "forthwith prove the will" and

"henceforth take upon him the sole execucion of the same." The rest of the report, though not unimportant, is taken up with binding Edward Browne and Brittridge about accounts, with mutual agreements to adjust the amounts in relation to actual sums realized, responsibilities to creditors, and so on. The report was "well liked & allowed of and ordered to be entered into the Repertory and in all thinges to be observed accordingly by the aforesaid parties."[21]

This report should be read carefully, and as a whole, but there can be no doubt that a competent and disinterested committee, as well as Mrs. Browne's father, were gravely disturbed by her conduct and only consented to the arrangement "considering the danger that is like to come to the orphans if the execution . . . should not be undertaken by the said Edward Browne." "Although he be a very worthy gent" is a politic phrase, but does not balance "after many offers and profers made it is demaunded and stood upon by the said Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne his wief," "unlesse somme speedy course be taken . . . very great losse will fall to the five orphans," or "wasted and consumed" and the words about alteration of property. I shall have more to say about Dutton later, but perhaps it is justifiable to anticipate (and indicate my prejudice) here by pointing out that in the twenty-five years in which I have been able to follow his career he was almost continuously in debt, often for very considerable amounts, if we remember the then value of money. Three years before this affair, in 1611, writing to Cecil, he pleaded debts of £700. Before his marriage to Anne Browne he had borrowed £70 from her. Ten years later, in 1623 he gives his debts as £1,300. A little later he borrowed heavily to establish his Irish estate. In 1630 he asks the king to "confer on him" debts of £2,500. The report states that Edward Browne and Francis Brittridge are to save Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne "of & from the chardg and custody of the said orphans"; it is therefore unlikely that any of the later debts were incurred by responsibilities to the Browne family, nor am I much impressed by Dutton's invariable habit of signing his letters (and even one bond I have seen!) "poor/Thom Dutton." This was no doubt intended to suggest honest but noble poverty; in its context it puzzled S. R. Gardiner, editing the *Fortescue Papers* for the Camden Society, into the mistranscription "yoors [?]."[22]

On August 4 Dutton and Anne put in a claim for expenses which seems to show determination to bargain for their rights, stressing as it does the fact that wares were sold for £38 . 10 . 0 less than they were apprized at,

and giving details of living expenses.[23] On August 27 the Court ordered that Brittridge and Rotheram are to account for the estate as representatives of Sir Thomas and Lady Dutton, that the latter "shall noe further intermeddle as executores," that Edward Browne "shall administer the residue of the said estate yet unadministered to the use of the orphans of the said Thomas Browne," and that Edward is to be "from thence forth accountable to this court for and on behalf of the said orphans."[24] On September 8 Edward acknowledged himself to owe to the Chamberlain £2,000 for the orphans' account and was bound according to the usual formula.[25] On November 15 he gave a receipt to Christopher Rotheram for £100.6.11 as "the foote of his accompt."[26]

After this there are no entries in any of the Corporation records for nearly eight years. Moreover, when they again occur, in 1622, the information is exasperatingly incomplete. On March 28, 1622, it was ordered by the Court that Mr. Moss, the clerk of the orphans, should "forthwith ward execution against Edward Browne for and in behalf of the orphans of [blank] Browne late citizen and [blank] of London deceased."[27] Presumably the consequence of this action is to be seen in recognizances entered into on April 30, 1622, by Edward Browne, grocer, Richard Browne, mercer (Edward's brother), Richard Archedale, draper (Edward's brother-in-law), Christopher Rotheram, mercer (Edward's son-in-law), for £300 and £200 owing to Thomas, Anne, Jane, Mary, and Ellen, children and orphans of Thomas Browne deceased.[28] This must arouse suspicions, but in 1624 Edward Browne must have asked for money—his nephew Thomas matriculated at Oxford, not on a scholarship, in December 1623—since a committee was appointed on July 3, 1624 to "consider the demaundes of [blank] Browne executor of the last will and testament of Thomas Browne mercer deceased for the finding and maintenance of the orphans of the said testator," and certify under their hands how they found the same and their opinions.[29] But no report was entered. About two years later, when Thomas was nearly twenty-one, but also when Dutton was attempting to establish his estate in Ireland, the latter descended on the Court "for and on behalf of the orphans" and another committee was appointed on May 16, 1626, to certify the Court "in writing under their handes" how they found the situation.[30] Again no report is entered in this or succeeding years. It is, however, relevant to note that on June 13, 1626, a committee was formed consisting of the same and other aldermen to report on "neglect and

abuses" concerning orphans, the entry stating that "there is and hath been general neglect . . . to the prejudice of orphans and reproach of this cities government." Once more no report was entered.

From 1629, but over a period of ten years, the children give satisfactions for the payment of their portions. The first is Anne, wife of John Palmer, grocer, on April 21, 1629.[31] She had married John Palmer on December 30, 1628, in the church of St. Martin Pomeroy, Ironmonger Lane.[32] On November 19, 1629, Thomas Browne signed his satisfaction, Christopher Rotheram testifying that he was over twenty-one.[33] He had taken his M.A. at Oxford in June of the same year, and was twenty-four. On April 19, 1631, Mary, wife of "Nevill Craddock of Clifford's Inne, gent" signed,[34] but before she had married Cradock (at St. Michael Paternoster Royal on September 30, 1630), the latter had entered into a bond for £250 that "in consideracion of the porcion of the said Mary which she should receive with her in marriage" he consented and agreed that in case he should die before Mary he would leave her a clear £200 for her own use.[35] On February 4, 1634, Cradock signed a satisfaction on behalf of Jane and her husband Thomas Price, "clerk," of Drumlaham in County Cavan, Ireland.[36] Price's letter of attorney[37] and an authenticating document from the mayor of Dublin are also entered as well as Cradock's recognizance for £200;[38] Jane and Price must have been married before November 1633. The last of the orphans to give satisfaction was Ellen (born shortly after her father's death in 1613) who signed on April 23, 1639,[39] Edward Browne deposing that she was twenty-one. Ellen Browne was unmarried and living with her mother Lady Dutton in Ireland when the great rebellion broke out in 1641, but I have not discovered anything further about her.

It is impossible from these documents to state definitely the amount of the estate or the portions received by the children, but it would seem from the recognizances of April 1622 and the phrasing of the satisfactions (see n. 31) that the final portions were £100.[40] In July 1614 three experienced and doubtless cautious business men had described the estate as likely to prove good to the amount of £3,222.7.7. If Dutton and Lady Dutton received £1,542.10.1 (as agreed) they certainly got their share as stated in the will, especially if some of the debts were "desperate." Edward Browne became acting executor and was responsible for "finding money." Thomas Browne received an excellent education at Winchester and Oxford, the Oxford part not as a scholar; he told Aubrey that he

"spent some yeares in forreign parts," and Whitefoot said he "spent the greatest part of his Patrimony in his Travels." His sisters married a London grocer, a London lawyer, and a clergyman who graduated from Trinity College, Dublin. The action of the Court in 1622 seems to be aimed at laxness, but Edward's request for maintenance money two years later indicates that his position was sound. On the other hand, when it is said (as by Professor Finch) that Sir Thomas named his eldest son Edward after Edward Browne, it is perhaps forgotten that this was also the name of Edward Mileham, Sir Thomas's father-in-law. Anne Browne's conduct did not deter her son from making his wife sole executrix in language of complete confidence, as did also Neville Cradock.

Thomas Price, Archbishop of Cashel

I have given the names of Browne's brothers-in-law: John Palmer, Neville Cradock, and Thomas Price. The absence of early correspondence makes it impossible to say anything about family relationships before 1660, nor is there much later. Neville Cradock died some time before June 1653, when his will was proved, but a continuing and friendly connection with the Cradock family (which includes "cousin Townshend") is shown in a number of letters. A sentence in a letter of 1682 to Edward Browne (Keynes, VI, 265) turns out to be a reference to Thomas Price. Sir Thomas asks his son to give his humblest service to the "Archbishop of Cashell"; the latter is the "Thomas Price, clerk," married to Jane Browne in 1632 or 1633. Born in London of a Welsh family, Price was educated at Trinity College, Dublin (B.A. 1623; Fellow 1626; M.A. 1627; priest 1632) and was a disciple of one of the most admirable figures in the Church of Ireland, Bishop Bedell, whose son's tutor Price was at one period. Made Archdeacon of Kilmore (Cavan) in 1638, Price was highly praised by Henry Jones in his *Remonstrance* (1642) for his actions in the rebellion, and especially for drawing up articles by which more than 1200 half-starved and illtreated men women and children in County Cavan were taken to Drogheda. In 1643 he was chaplain with the horse at Nantwich, where, in the language of Bedell's biographer, "he was shot from Acton Steeple near the Town in the right eye, and the bullet (which he shewed me) taken out under his left ear, and yet the body of his eye not destroyed but darkened." This is an item for, but not found in, Sir Thomas's notebooks! By the influence of Ormond (whose chaplain he

was for some time), Price became Bishop of Kildare in 1660 and Archbishop of Cashel in 1664. Following the lead of Bedell (who had the Bible translated into Irish) he set himself the task of having the people preached to and instructed in their own language, but though he is praised for this in a letter by the Bishop of Meath to the Lord Lieutenant, for the most part he was bitterly opposed by both the Roman and his own church, and not less so because two of his preachers were converted priests.

In his letter referring to the Archbishop, Sir Thomas tells Edward he may present to "Captain Briteridge" a recently printed history of Ireland which "few will take any pleasure to read . . . who have not been in Ireland and is [sic] acquainted with the old histories of that country." I have mentioned Price's quite unusual attitude to Irish both because it is interesting, and also because it seems to me indicative of the slightness of the Dutton connection that although Browne boasts in the *Religio* of his knowledge of no less than six languages in addition to the jargon and patois of several provinces, and in the *Miscellany Tracts* ("Of Languages") tries his hand at Anglo-Saxon, he does not show any interest in Irish. His references in that tract to the fact that the English which dwelt dispersedly in Ireland lost their language, and that "the Irish, although they retain a kind of Saxon character, yet have admitted many words of Latin and English" are certainly not very learned. Nor are his passing references to the natural history of Ireland impressive. In the *Pseudodoxia* (Bk. 7, chap. 15) he contradicts, from observation, the belief that there are no spiders in Ireland or on Irish wood in England, but in the same work (Bk. 6, chap. 7) says: "thus the sun which with us is fruitful in the generation of frogs, toads, and serpents, to this effect proves impotent in our neighbour island." In a letter to Edward (Keynes, VI, 224) he quotes Drayton's *Polyolbion* about "Emerill" on Guernsey's "venom-hating ground" and annotates: "Emerill or *emerie smiris*; no snakes, toads nor venemous creature, as in Candy & Ireland." It is to be presumed that the frogs are here omitted by accident, not because he had by this time read Spenser as well as Drayton, and been impressed by those two unexpectedly comic lines in the *Epithalamion*,

> Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
> Make us to wish theyr choking.

In a letter to Dugdale (Keynes, VI, 351) he says "The like [burnt trees] I

have often observed in Ireland where passing through large woods I have observed many hundred trees, burned at the bottom, the trunk yet standing in many." "Often" is possibly ambiguous.

The Irish connection certainly led to one memorable bout of seasickness (Keynes, VI, 231) when, after coming from Dublin to Chester at Michaelmas, "nothing but possets would go down with me 2 or 3 days after." This does not exactly support the statement in the *Religio* that "I can study, play, or sleepe in a tempest." No doubt the mediocre verses on a tempest on the Irish seas (Keynes, V, 189–90 and 192), written, according to his daughter Elizabeth, "at the Crowe Inne in Chester at his Coming from Ireland," celebrate the same storm.

Archbishop Price died in 1685, at the age of eighty-four. In his will he left (from an obviously very small estate) bequests to his cathedral church, the poor of the district, and various nephews, nieces, and neighbours. His wife must have predeceased him and there is no mention of children.[41]

Sir Thomas Dutton

I suggested earlier that, in the years immediately preceding his marriage to Anne Browne, Sir Thomas Dutton must have been quite widely known as the man who had killed his colonel, Sir Hatton Cheke, in a duel. In view of Dutton's connection with the king and the court, we may surmise that this duel was one of those responsible for the royal *Edict and Severe Censure against Private Combats* . . . of 1613. In Arthur Wilson's *History of Great Britain* (1653), Dutton is described as having defamed Cheke "both in Court and City," and a belief that he was not at all unwilling to be remembered and identified by this action, throughout the years, is strongly supported by the fact already noted, that nearly a quarter of a century after the event Strafford (then Wentworth), shortly after his arrival in Ireland, wrote to Lord Cottington from Dublin that "the Captains begin to fear that they may be called upon to do their Duties, which will be to their loss, but the Honour of the King, and safety of the state . . . you would smile to see good Sir *Thomas Dutton* pout whilst I tell him, he hath the worst Troop of Horse in all Ireland; he lowers upon me as if, because he killed Hatton Cheek, no man shall dare more to call upon him for any Duty, tells me it served heretofore, but I think I have satisfied him it must not be so hereafter."[42] The very word "pout" perhaps had a general Low Countries-Captain meaning, if we may judge from the

fact that Captain Pouts ("being, as most Captains are, a little in debt") is the name of the traditional comedy braggart soldier in Nathan Field's very topical play, *A Woman's a Wether-cocke*, of 1612.

The duel itself is vividly described, with dramatic inventions, by Wilson;[43] Wilson's account is the basis of Carlyle's even more rhetorical and fanciful description in the *Miscellaneous Essays*;[44] and both versions are printed in a sumptuous volume of family history, *Memorials of the Duttons of Dutton*.[45] With characteristic inflation of style Carlyle says the duel was fought by "two gentlemen of whom *the universe knows, has known, and will know nothing* [italics mine] except that they were of choleric temper and assisted in the Netherland wars," and clinches this manifesto with "what became of the living Dutton I have never to this moment had the least hint." The universe is a large order which only Carlyles can envisage as always tuned in. With Carlyle in mind, the anonymous author of *Memorials of the Duttons of Dutton* remarks that the Calendars of various seventeenth-century collections of papers and other recent tools of research make it possible for him to trace Sir Thomas Dutton's career for several years, and prints a number of letters, mostly in reference to the Cheke affair. But he seems to have known nothing about Dutton's career in Ireland, stating that although the date of his death was not known, he was living in 1632, "married, and with a family of whom nothing is known."

Dutton came of a well-to-do Chester family but was probably born at Isleworth, Middlesex, in 1575.[46] Since, as I shall show, his eldest son and heir, Charles, was granted 1,000 acres as an Irish "undertaker" in 1626 (twelve years after Dutton's marriage to Anne Browne) and was "over 21" in 1634, when his father died, Dutton's marriage to Anne Browne was not his first, but of this first marriage I have no information. Paul Garraway, Anne's father, is described as "of Acton, Middlesex," a parish adjoining Isleworth; there were Garraways at near-by Chiswick; and christenings and burials of various Garraways and Duttons are noted in the Isleworth parish register at the end of the century. Anne Garraway, therefore, may well have met her robustious second husband before she married the sober mercer who, like Origen's father, kissed the breast of his sleeping child with a prayer that the Holy Ghost would take possession there.

Probably Dutton was the Thomas Dutton knighted, along with a prodigious number of others, in 1603.[47] A Thomas Dutton, knight, was also admitted to Gray's Inn in February, 1605,[48] but a letter of that year

from Suffolk to Winwood thanks the latter for getting Dutton (certainly he of this article) a company.[49] Almost certainly, also, he was the Dutton fighting for Opinion at the barriers in Jonson's *Masque of Hymen* for the Twelfth Night festivities of 1606.[50] In July, 1606, Salisbury wrote to Winwood recommending Dutton and stated that he had obtained a commission to levy 200 or 300 volunteers, and was anxious to be put into the field to justify his entertainment.[51] The most interesting phrase of the letter is that he was "well esteemed of his Majesty." Royal favour, though dimmed, or, in the case of Prince Henry, forfeited, by unruly conduct, was of great, probably paramount, importance in Dutton's future career. James and Charles showed their interest in grants, favours, and intercessions; in 1627 Elizabeth ("Queen of Bohemia") added a postscript in a letter to Buckingham asking him to "continue his favour" to "honest Thom Dutton";[52] Prince Henry had been "pleased to favore" him. Over the years help also came from Salisbury, Suffolk, Dorchester, and Buckingham. Dutton's connection with the latter, as can be seen from a humble but very personal letter complaining that he had not been thought worthy of a place in the expedition against the Isle of Rhe, seems to have been of some intimacy.[53]

From the summer of 1606 until 1610 (as indeed in later years), he seems to have spent much of his time in the Low Countries, but in April 1610 the king granted him, for life, the office of Scoutmaster-General in Ireland.[54] In June 1612 the patent was surrendered and re-granted with an addition of £100 a year.[55] In the years to follow there are endlessly repeated complaints about arrears in pay and entertainment, but the office, with "entertainment," held the very considerable salary of £514 . 11 . $1\frac{1}{4}$.[56] There were also extras: in 1612, for instance, before the increase of salary, James wrote to the Lord Deputy, Chichester, recommending Dutton's request for one "dead pay" out of every company of horse and foot;[57] in 1622 Dudley Digges wrote suggesting that the £10 a year Dutton received as a Marshal (as well as the office of Scoutmaster-General itself!) could be saved.[58] Moreover the habits of the time must have given opportunity for considerable profit from the importance of an office which in 1626 is down in the establishment for keeping up an army in Ireland for over £8,000 out of a total of somewhat over £80,000.[59] Since army pay was notoriously in arrears no doubt many of Dutton's complaints were well justified. Yet it is interesting to note that in August, 1629, when the king wrote to the Lords Justices in Ireland (as he had done

the year before) about arrears owing to Dutton, Sir Henry Docwra, Treasurer at Wars, noted in the margin: "he hath had the full benefit of them to a penny," and in a further marginal note showed his resentment at royal pressure in the exasperated comment: "areares he hath none due & for his growing entertainment they shall be paid as money comes in yet yf it is his Majesty's pleasure he shall be merely paid before all others it becomes not me to dispute."[60] Not long before, the king had intervened with the Lord Deputy (Falkland) to get Dutton a troop of horse vacated by the shipwreck and death of Sir James Blount. That this too was resented is clearly indicated by the opinion of the Irish Committee of the Privy Council that Sir John Clotworthy had been "defrauded" of an "absolute promise" of the first vacant company.[61]

But I must return from this rather long illustration of royal favour to 1610. Not long after his appointment (at this time sinecure) as Scoutmaster-General in Ireland, Dutton got himself into perhaps the most ticklish situation of his life, a court martial from the consequences of which he was characteristically saved by royal interest. In April 1610 Sir Hatton Cheke was appointed colonel of the English forces besieging Juliers (Dutton commanding a company) and in July General Cecil wrote to Prince Henry about the "mutenus and unworthy conduct" of Dutton ("whom yr highness hath pleased to favore beyond his meritt"), who has at his first arrival "braved" Cecil at the head of his troops, "in all meetings" disputed Cecil's commission, "upon base advantage" hurt his colonel [Cheke] and "would be content upon any terms to murder his commander."[62] In ignorance, undoubtedly, of Cecil's letter, Dutton came to England in August, full of self-confidence in his personal relation to the king, to clear himself. The matter is referred to in quite a number of letters, in greatest detail by Sir William Browne, writing to Viscount Lisle, and Sir Thomas Lake, writing to Salisbury.[63] In spite of repeated warnings from Lake about his rashness, Dutton insisted on bursting into the king's presence at Holmby at supper, after hunting, but was arrested, called before the Council, and sent back to the Low Countries for a court martial. Even in this juncture, however, he was not deserted, Thomas Scriven noting in a letter to the Earl of Rutland that "whatever fall out upon examination the same first to be ynformed hither before any censure be executed there."[64] To Salisbury Dutton wrote very humbly, denying the charge of defaming Cecil, signing as usual, "poor Thom Dutton."[65] By September he had his company back,[66] but there was no reconciliation

with Cheke, as Sir John Throckmorton noted in a letter to Lisle, and in December (Cheke still recovering from an illness) the duel took place, with Cheke killed and Dutton seriously wounded. Again he wrote, even more humbly, to Salisbury, calling himself "a woorme under your feete" and stating that the raising and furnishing his company had cost him and his noble friends £700 which he owed and was nowise able to pay.[67] Again he must have had help from Suffolk, Salisbury, or the king. Certainly for parts of the following years he was in the Low Countries.

By June, 1614, Dutton had married Anne Browne and temporarily improved his fortunes, at least a little; but where he lived in the next few years I have not been able to discover, nor, as stated above, whether any of the Browne sisters (Ellen perhaps excepted) lived with their mother. The Report quoted earlier makes it seem unlikely. Thomas was entered at Winchester in 1616 as of St. Michael's Cheap; in a list of scholars of 1620 as of St. Foster; in the election roll of scholars selected for New College as of St. Michael's Cheap. The Isleworth parish register records the christenings of two daughters of Sir Thomas and Lady Dutton, and the burial of one, in 1622 and 1623;[68] two sons were born and alive in 1634; but there are no decipherable entries for the years between 1614 and 1622. Parts of the register are in very bad condition, and undecipherable.

In 1615, to judge from appointment to a commission, Dutton was in London. In January 1618, along with "Sir Tho. Badger, Sir George Goring, Sir Thomas Tirringham, Sir Ed. Zouch, Sir Robert Yaxeley and the like" he acted at court in *Tom of Bedlam the Tinker* "and such other mad stuffe"[69]—perhaps as poor Tom, since he was so fond of the inscription. Chamberlain's contemptuous phrase "and the like" is given meaning by other references to a number of these courtiers, especially Badger, Goring, and Zouch, as for example in "The Lady Haddington hath bestowed a favour upon him [Lord Hay] that will not easily fall to the ground, for she says the flowre and beautie of his embassage consists in three mignards, three daunsers, and three fooles or buffons. The mignards are himself, Sir Harry Rich and Sir George Goring . . . the fooles or buffons Sir Thomas German, Sir Rafe Skelton and Sir Thomas Badger" (*Letters*, II, 14). With his passion for gossip about manœuvres for offices and for money, Chamberlain notes in 1619 that Goring is said to have got £2,000 a year and Zouch £1,000, and a year later that Zouch is getting £500 a year "for masking and fooling." There is only one reference, that

above, to Dutton: perhaps he was among "the like" as a Gentleman of the Privy Chamber, a title he is given in official documents.

But money was no doubt scarce, and in 1618 he offered £200 a year for the privilege of an additional custom on cloth from the inhabitants of Somerset, Dorset, Devon, and Cornwall. This was firmly turned down by the Privy Council and the decision recorded. In the summer of 1619 he was nominated by the king for 2,000 acres in the new Longford Irish plantation,[70] and although he did not take up the land for some years,[71] and then had great difficulty in getting the money for "fines," to say nothing of building, he seems to have become increasingly involved in Irish affairs. From 1620 we can follow his manœuvres to get control of a whole chain of inland forts stretching from Cloghowter in Cavan, near 1,000 acres of his own grant at Rathcline, to Toome in Londonderry, and Lifford in Donegal. As Scoutmaster-General he was no doubt acutely aware of the precarious position of the English should the Irish rise or unite, but it is obvious that he had also a strong financial interest in the forts. Between 1620 and 1627 there are a good many references to his claims and complaints in the *Calendar of State Papers, Ireland*, and in the *Calendar of Patent and Close Rolls*, with references to amounts of land, kind of tenure, conditions of garrison and fortification (an Irish "castle" had to be at least forty feet by twenty feet by thirty feet; it is no wonder Nashe jeers in his parody of Hero and Leander in the *Praise of the Red Herring*), and it is plain that Dutton had royal support against doubts on the part of the Irish Committee of the Council. The latter speak of "having thought to admit no further questions," of "being commanded by the king to take the matter into consideration again," and so on. Unavailingly they point out that two of the forts are not really inland. The king's reply to the Lord Deputy must have been hard to handle: "Whereas by certificate . . . it is certified that the forts of Donnagall and Liffer be not inland but the one stands upon the sea and the other upon the river of Loughfoile wee require you to cause the situation to bee further examined and if it be true that they or either are notwithstanding inland forts they are to be granted to the said patentees or to the said Sir Thomas Dutton."[72] Fourteen forts are mentioned;[73] those in possession are listed and they are to "compound and agree" and procure Dutton's consent "under his hand." If after a year they have not come to agreement the Lord Deputy is to grant the castles and forts not compounded for to Dutton. This, however,

proved difficult. During the years he had various dealings with a number of prominent captains and undertakers, and while in only one case is there a definite statement of money—£200 from Sir Toby Caulfield for Charlemont—the "divers good causes and considerations" mentioned were no doubt financial. By 1627, when his land and that of his son Charles in Longford and Leitrim had been finally taken up, he had been granted also most of the forts mentioned in the 1620 documents. And these were of course the forts visited by Browne, perhaps in 1629. They covered so much territory that Elizabeth Lyttleton might reasonably, from the English standpoint, say that Dutton "shewed him all Ireland in a visitation of the forts."

The point of departure must have been the "one large stone house" (inquisition *post mortem*, 1634)[74] which, with further borrowings from a Roger Brittridge (presumably Lady Dutton's half-brother), Dutton had built at Rathcline. The king's instructions for the Longford plantation had been dated in August 1619. When a survey was made more than three years later, it was found that most of the patents were not passed and that of the "33 principal undertakers" (Dutton and his son Charles listed as two) only two were resident—not the Duttons. Their estates, as finally established—one "great" proportion and two "small" proportions—consisted of 1,000 acres of arable and pasture called the Manor of Rathcline, in Longford; of 800 acres of arable and pasture and 1,000 acres of bog and wood called the Manor of Cullenboy in Leitrim; of 1,000 acres of arable and pasture called the Manor of Lisduff in Longford, with permission for Thomas and his son to share one house.[75] The inquisition *post mortem* shows that in 1633, the year of Price's marriage to Jane Browne, Dutton had "without obtaining the permission of the king" alienated some of the estate to Thomas Price and Sir Robert Newcomen.

But immediately before building his house and more or less settling in Ireland, Dutton was much involved in the Low Countries. In 1623, from Isleworth, he wrote requesting a warrant, and in November 1624, as Lieutenant-Colonel under Lord Cromwell in the army of Count Mansfeld, he was given a warrant to press two hundred and fifty men from Wiltshire. Fifty of these rioted and deserted before they left "their owne country" (that is, Wiltshire), beating up their officers, and Dutton was "shrewdly hurt." On recovering he wrote to the Earl of Pembroke insisting that the deserters should be severely dealt with since, according

to him, they had been well treated and paid eight pence a day.[76] (Six months before, his peaceable step-son, Thomas Browne, though in his first year, had been chosen to give the undergraduate Latin oration when Broadgates Hall became Pembroke College in honour of the Earl, then Chancellor.) In March 1625 he wrote very vigorously to Buckingham from Sprang, deploring the condition of the army and suggesting the need of a hard blow at the enemy. There is also a postscript asking Buckingham "as ever I found your Grace kind to mee" to see that his wife received what was due her in Ireland to keep her and pay his debts.[77]

From 1627 his letters seem to be dated from London or Dublin, and there are quite a number of comments on the state of affairs in Ireland, addressed to the king, Dorchester, and others. Those which are holograph are characterized by repetition and extraordinary, if phonetic spelling: "his hinus befor Crismus"; "write Honrabell"; "onrevrintlye"; "as I have a honiste harte"; "many trubulls"; "Diblyne" (always). But, though often concerned with his own trubulls, they show military good sense as well as strong Protestant feeling and objection to Jesuits, seminaries, and yielding to the papists. The army should at all times be strong in horse (*pace* Strafford's comment on his own troop!), a hundred good horsemen being worth two thousand foot upon all sudden occasions either for warding off foreign invasions or native rebellion; there is hardly enough munitions in Ireland for one good day's fight; should the Irish generally take arms the English would "perish in their plantations by fire and sword"; Ireland will always be called the back door to England. As for religion the king should "make it his masterpiece to plant the gospel here" and "never a better time than when the Spaniards have their hands full abroad." But unless the king severely banishes the Jesuits and seminary schools it will be impossible to plant the gospel, for to maintain the pope's power most of the gentry and noble families make their sons priests and their daughters nuns so as the whole Kingdom swarms with them, "and we will see their hearts how they are bent if forreigne powers would give them any assistance." One example of stern measures involving his own actions he recounts to Dorchester: on St. Stephen's day 1629, the Mayor, the Archbishop, the Recorder, the sheriffs, "in a peaceable manner" with only the sergeant-at-arms, two pursuivants, and half a dozen men went to seize divers priests unlawfully assembled in at least fifteen houses erected by several orders of friars and nuns breeding up youths in popery. A riot

ensued, the priests were forcibly taken away, some of the officers beaten down, and the Archbishop and the others forced to take refuge from the stones and fury of the common people. Had not the justices and "we" come in presently from church for their rescue it would have been a bloody business but "thanks be to God it is so well pacified now as I hope this beginning will open the king's eyes and your judgement to consider the true danger this state is come to by the conniving at papistry these twenty five years past."[78]

It was in London, not Dublin, in 1634, that Dutton died, appropriately, if not patriotically, as the result of a blow in a quarrel on St. George's day "amongst some Low-Country Friends, which cast him into a high Fever & yet did not quickly kill him for he lasted one month," as George Garrard put it in a letter to Strafford.[79] He was buried in Isleworth, and that his offices were worth begging for is shown by the fact that Garrard goes on immediately: "before he died, they spoke here that his Places were begged and given here; but now he is gone I hear little of them, only I know Sir William Bruncher seeks the Scout Master's place: But what Way he goes I know not, to small purpose I believe, if it die with Dutton, as I hear it hath been formerly resolved." A little later Garrard comments again on "giving away Sir Thomas Dutton's places, in so much that one kissed the King's Hand for the Scoutmaster's place when I knew there was a post-mortem on it, gotten for him, as it was said, by the Marquis of Hamilton, and that a fortnight before Tom Dutton died."[80]

Acting with his usual ironic awareness of decorum Strafford did what he could for Lady Dutton, writing to Mr. Secretary Coke that "Sir Thomas Dutton hath left his Lady and children with a very mean Fortune, she is a suitor she may have her Husband's Pay which would have been due at this Michaelmas, a matter of two hundred pounds it will be, which I humbly recommend to his Majesty as a Work of Charity, but will not take upon myself to do it, without his Majesty's express directions, that so the King may have the Thanks for his own Bounty, which made me answer her very coldly at present."[81] The warrant soon came and in December Strafford wrote to Coke calling it "as charitable an Alms as could have been given in this Kingdom." Lady Dutton, he added, was not then in town, but he would let her know shortly.

In 1635, when, according to his own statement, Browne was writing the *Religio*, having returned from Leyden in 1634, his mother was almost

certainly in Ireland. His connection with her was not intimate enough to keep him from putting down some comments on friendship, filial love, and second marriages, to which I shall refer again. Nevertheless, it is tempting to speculate that his statement about his book, that it "was penned in such a place, and with such disadvantage, that (I protest) from the first setting of pen unto paper, I had not the assistance of *any good book* [italics mine] whereby to promote my invention or relieve my memory" indicate a visit to Ireland in 1635. Certainly Halifax, "a populous and rich trading place"—in the vicinity of which it is assumed the *Religio* was written—included cultivated and literate friends like the Powers. But there is nothing to go on, and until 1641 nothing concerning even Lady Dutton, except meagre facts about the estate.

Dutton's will was proved in the Prerogative Court of Canterbury,[82] but perished in the troubles of 1922, when the Four Courts in Dublin were gutted. A Betham genealogical abstract notes that his wife was Anne, his heir Charles, and other sons William and Thomas. In September 1637 Charles paid his fines for the manors already mentioned, and had they been clear would have possessed a considerable estate. But they were not, and a little later there are records of borrowings and debts (£126 from Henry Jones, £16 to a Dublin tailor) and sale of land. In 1641 the great rebellion broke out and in 1642 Lady Dutton and her daughter Ellen nearly lost their lives at the hands of neighbour Irish (especially Farrells) whose lands had been confiscated for the plantation. Amongst the Longford and Roscommon depositions now in Trinity College Dublin[83] are statements sworn before Henry Brereton and Henry Jones which vividly describe the danger and escape. A Roscommon deposition speaks of Oliver Boy Fitzgerald of Longford, who "hanged 16 English there & stript the Lady Dutton of all her goods and clothes," and John Stibbs of Longford deposed that "Lady Ann Dutton & her daughter Mrs. Elinor Browne; her man, her mayde & this deponents wiffe were threatened to be put to death" and that the "Cabinet Council" had instructed Captain Fergus Farrell to see that they were executed. Fortunately the bravery and defiance of a neighbour, Lady Newcomen, saved their lives. She is said to have sent word of the situation to Sir James Dillon, who carried them and others to his house and from there sent them safely to the garrison in Athlone.

Lady Dutton may or may not have remained in Ireland, though her

name is not among the signatures in a letter sent to Parliament by a number of "distressed ladies" in 1642 or 1643. If she came to England it would have been to find that her son Thomas had achieved a sudden reputation in circles to which she was entirely foreign. At all events the Irish estate seems to have been doomed. The eldest son Charles must have died not long after, possibly in 1643 when a Charles Dutton died, intestate, in Dublin. Rathcline came into the possession of Thomas Dutton and does not seem to have been confiscated, but according to the Acts of Settlement and Explanation 1660–1666, and a very brief reference among the Lane papers[84] in the National Library, Dublin, was sold to Sir George Lane, later Lord Lanesborough, who enlarged and rebuilt the house. The castle, like other forts, seems to have been made a "picturesque ruin" by Cromwell's troops. What happened to Thomas and William, or who was the Sir James Dutton involved in Rathcline and confiscations of 1660 I have not had occasion to ascertain.

Friendship and Filial Affection

This investigation was begun as an inquiry into "orphanage" accounts and a search for a "rapacious guardian." It has not thrown enough light on that question to justify accusations. But we can be sure that Browne would not have been taken with his rude and quarrelsome step-father, and strongly suspect that his mother's second marriage had a direct bearing on certain sentences in the *Religio*. His library and notebooks show that he was not indifferent to the drums and tramplings of war, nor insensitive to courage. But by the age of thirty he "called himself a scholar," and when his own son went into the navy Browne was as interested in Tom's continued bookish and intellectual pursuits as he was in his naval reputation. What a contrast there is between "poor" Tom Dutton and the humane and witty "honest Tom" of Sir Thomas's letters. How proud his reserved father is of Tom's courage and competence and the recommendations of the captains (down to "Captain Fenne, a meer rough seaman") under whom he served in dangerous naval operations; how pleased that he is keeping up his studies by reading Juvenal, Horace, Homer, and his "beloved Plutark"; how sure of that "generous and merciful heart" "notable in you from a child," which Tom demonstrates strikingly by buying out his wounded ship-boy, by his remarks about

press gang methods, and his concern for the "sad and pitiful condition" of the ill-paid and unpaid sailors: "for my part, while I have a penny I cannot but relieve them of whose valour and fidelity I can give so good testimony."

In the second part of the *Religio* there are a number of well-known passages on friendship, filial affection, and second marriages. It will be remembered that Browne said, among other things, "I confesse I do not observe that order that the Schools ordain our affections, to love our Parents, Wives, Children, and then our friends; for excepting the injunctions of religion, I doe not find in my selfe such a necessary and indissoluble sympathy to those of my bloud. I hope I do not break the fifth Commandment if I may love my friend before the nearest of my bloud, even those to whom I owe the principles of life" (Sect. 5). In all the manuscripts and the 1642 pirated edition, the sentence "I was never yet once, and commend their resolutions who never marry twice" (Sect. 9) reads "I was never yet once and am resolved never to be married twice." Around the subject of friendship Browne circles through several sections. Friendship is one of "three most mystical unions" (Sect. 5); it is a "body of Aenigmas, mysteries and riddles. . . . I love my friend before my selfe, and yet me thinkes I do not love him enough. . . . when I am from him I am dead till I bee with him; when I am with him, I am not satisfied, but would be still nearer him" (Sect. 6). Even this is further intensified: "my awaked judgement discontents me, ever whispering unto me, that I am from my friend; but my friendly dreams in the night requite me, and make me think I am within his arms" (Sect. 11), and again there is a sentence present in all the manuscripts and the 1642 edition, "with this I can be a King without a Crowne, rich without royalty, in heaven though on earth, enjoy my friend and embrace him at a distance, without which I cannot behold him." If we keep in mind the Renaissance literature of friendship, and remember that before the *Religio* was printed Browne was already happily married, there is no reason to believe that his celebration of friendship was "abnormal." On the other hand, it seems too direct to be thought of as impersonally "Platonic," and it would therefore be interesting to know the identity of this friend. In any case it seems safe to say that he would never have phrased two of these sentences as he did had he enjoyed an intimate or affectionate relationship with his mother, or the friendship of his step-father.

We know nothing of Browne's life in Cheapside, at school, or university. That he was as a young man, and no doubt earlier (he was sent to Winchester at the age of eleven) a somewhat "solitary" and "melancholy" person one could hardly doubt after reading the *Religio*, even if he did not apply these adjectives to himself. But we have there some dramatization of characteristics appropriate to one born under a Platonically Renaissance Saturn, the Saturn of Ficino and others. A sensitive, or even sensible, reader must be wary of much speculation about the imagined consequences of separation or the absence of parental love on his "solitary and retired imagination," and remember letters by Browne to his own daughter Elizabeth, who so clearly enjoyed the trust and love of her affectionate father. "Thou didst use to pass away much of thy time alone and by thyself in sober ways and good actions, so that noe Place, how solitary soever can be strange to thee," he wrote, or again, "give noe way unto Malencholy, wch is purely sadness without a reasonable cause." Yet it might be noted that these sentences were written to her when she found herself, after marriage, far away and somewhat isolated in Guernsey. His son Tom, travelling alone in France at the age of fourteen, was also admonished not to be "Malencholy sad or dejected."

As for the "miracle of thirty years" up to the composition of the *Religio*, "which to relate were not an History, but a peece of Poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable," this must still be interpreted providentially, rather than as invention or rhetoric.

notes

I am indebted to the courtesy of the librarians in the various libraries in which this work was done. I should also like to thank the appropriate officers of the Grocers and Mercers Companies, and especially Mr. M. J. Chandler, Deputy Keeper of the Records of the Corporation of London, who gave me very substantial assistance with the Corporation records.

1 On the basis of a reference by Tanner (Wilkin, IV, x) John Hase, Richmond Herald, is sometimes thought to have been the compiler of the life. Keynes (*Bibliography*, 99) says, but without evidence, "probably it was compiled by the publisher," that is, Curll. See also Professor Finch's "Sir Thomas Browne: Early Biographical Notices . . . ," in *Studies in Bibliography: Papers of the Bibliographical Society of the University of Virginia*, XI (1949–50), 196–201.

2 *Posthumous Works* (1712), xxxvi.

3 "His Father dying while he was very Young, left him a plentiful Fortune, his Mother took her Thirds, which was Three Thousand Pounds, and some Time after Married Sir *Thomas Dutton*, a worthy Person, who held several considerable Places in the Kingdom of Ireland; by which Means he was wholly left to the Care of his Guardians." *Posthumous Works*, i–ii. "His father

dying left him young: his mother took her thirds, which was three thousand pounds, and married Sir Thomas Dutton, a worthy person who had great places. The executors took care of his education at Winchester and Oxford." "C.D.," quoting White Kennet in *The European Magazine*, XL (1801), 89; Wilkin, I, cx.

4 *Christian Morals* (1756), iii; Wilkin, I, xviii.

5 Wilkin, I, lvii. Wilkin notes that in the article in *Biographia Britannica* (1730) Kippis says Dutton "enjoyed an honourable post in the government of Ireland," and adds, "what this post was he does not mention, nor can I."

6 Keynes, V, 191. From MS Sloane 1869.

7 "The Will of Thomas Browne, Mercer." *Proceedings of the Norfolk and Norwich Archaeological Society*, XVI [1906], 132–6.

8 *Guy's Hospital Gazette*, Oct. 21, 1905.

9 J. S. Finch, *Sir Thomas Browne, a Doctor's Life of Science and Faith* (New York, 1950), 29–31.

10 As the person responsible for bringing up Sir Thomas Browne and his sisters, Edward Browne may be further documented. He was a grocer, not brewer, as stated by Williams and Finch, the mistake having risen from a mistranscription of the actual will in the transcript (123 Capell) of the Prerogative Court of Canterbury. According to the Acts of Court of the Grocers' Company he was apprenticed in 1587, obtained his freedom in 1594, was taken into livery in 1604, and in 1620 was upon humble suit in respect of his years and antiquity dispensed from the livery of the company and all offices and fines for the same in return for £10 and delivery to the wardens of a hogshead of good claret for their election day. He signed a pedigree for the London and Middlesex visitations of 1634, and was alive in 1639 when he certified that Ellen Browne was over twenty-one.

11 According to the funeral certificate of Elizabeth Browne, his mother, of Upton, Cheshire. Record Society for the Publication of Original Documents relating to Lancashire and Cheshire, v. 6, *Cheshire and Lancashire Funeral Certificates, 1600 to 1678*, ed. J. P. Rylands, 1882, 48–9. Printed from MS Lansdowne 879, fo. 14.

12 Paul Garraway (see pedigree in M. L. Tildesley "Sir Thomas Browne, his Skull, Portraits, and Ancestry," *Biometrika*, XV, 1923, also issued separately) to whose house at Lewes Browne makes a reference in a letter, died intestate in February, 1620. He had four children by his first marriage, in 1582, to Alice Britridge, born Page, one of the children being Anne, Browne's mother. Of the second marriage to Margaret Briddiman of Tingridge, Bedfordshire, in 1610, there was no surviving issue. Professor Finch suggests that Browne probably inherited something from his grandfather, but of this there is no evidence, nor is there evidence that his mother inherited anything. The will of Paul Garraway's son, Philip Garraway, of Acton, Middlesex, who had been administrator and executor of his father's estate, was probated in April 1625, and the estate was of some substance. The principal inheritor was a half-brother, Roger Britridge of London, but a token gift (a ring of five pounds price) was left to Lady Anne Dutton, his sister, and a legacy to Thomas Dutton (or in the event of the latter's death, to William Dutton), sons of Sir Thomas and Lady Dutton. There is no mention of Brownes. Roger Britridge died not long after (the will was probated March 24, 1628) and the estate seems to have been very substantial, to judge from the large sureties given to the Orphan's Court in 1628 and 1629. In 1627, according to a bond now among the Lane papers in the National Library of Ireland in Dublin, Sir Thomas Dutton (signing, even here, "poor Thom Dutton") and Sir Richard Norton had borrowed £1500 from a Roger Britridge. Roger Britridge's elder brother, Edward, "of Iver, Buckinghamshire," had died in 1604–5, and in his will, probated Feb. 5, 1605, had left £10 to his half-sister Anne Browne.

13 Printed, with errors, by Williams. See n. 7.

14 F. P. Wilson, "Notes on the Early Life of John Donne," in *Review of English Studies*, III (1927), 272–9.

15 B. W. Whitlock, "The Orphanage Accounts of John Donne, Ironmonger," *The Guildhall Miscellany*, no. 4 (1955), 22–9.

16 R. R. Sharp, *Calendar of Wills, Court of Hustings*, Pt. I, 1889.

17 P. E. Jones, "The City Courts of Law," *Law Journal*, XCIII (1943), 357–8.

18 Repertory 31 (2), fo. 224 b.

19 Common Serjeant's Book, 1, fo. 417 b.

20 Repertory 31 (2), fo. 356.

21 Repertory 31 (2), fos. 372b–375. (Here and elsewhere the use of "u" and "v" has been modernized and a number of common abbreviations expanded.)

First wee finde that the said Thomas Browne made his last will & testament & thereby made

& appointed Anne his wief & his brother Edward Browne Citizen & Grocer of London his executors, which said Anne hath only as yet proved the said will and taken upon her thexecucion of the same & hath exhibited an Inventory of the estate of her said husband into this honourable Court upon her oth wherby it appeareth that the present good estate of the said Thomas Browne consisting in wares goodes chattelles houshold stuff apparell lynnen plate leases & ready money doth amount unto the somme of Vml VjC lxvijli ob [£5667. –. –½.] and that there was owing to him the said Thomas Browne at his decease in doubtfull & desperate debtes as by the particulers thereof in the said Inventorie may appeare the somme of xjm VC xiiijli xis ixd [£11514. 11. 9.] in all amounting to the somme of xvijm jC lxxxjli xis ixd ob [£17181. 11. 9½.] Wee also finde that the said Thomas Browne did owe at the tyme of his decease in debtes to severall persons as by the particulers in the said Inventorie doth & may appeare the somme of xjm ijC ixli iiijs ijd [£11209. 4. 2.] and that there hath and that there hath [sic] byn bestowed on his funeralles & other necessarie chardges as by the same Inventory appereth the somme of CCl li [£250] in all in debtes & funeralles xjm iiijC lixli iiijs ijd [£11459. 4. 2.] which said somme of xjm iiijC lixli iiijs ijd [£11459. 4. 2.] being deducted out of the said somme of xvijm jC lxxxjli xjs ixd ob [£17181. 11. 9½.] being thestate of the said Testator as is aforesaid, there resteth of his whole estate good & bad the somme of Vm vijC xxijli vijs vijd ob [£5722. 7. 7½.] whereof the somme of ijm vC li [£2500] or there abouts is verely thought & esteemed by the freindes & servantes of the said Testator who were best acquainted with his estate to be very desperate & much of the rest doubtfull So as by estymacion thestate may in tyme be like to prove good to the somme of iijm CCxxijli vijs vijd [£3222. 7. 7.] or thereaboutes Yt is affirmed unto us that the said Anne thexecutrix sithence the decease of her said husband hath altered the properties of as many of the debtes owing to the Testator at the tyme of his death & taken them in her owne name as amounteth to the somme of ml vCli [£1500] And hath also sithence wasted & consumed somme part of his estate and it is likely & very much to be feared that unlesse somme speedy Course be taken for setling thereof that very great losse will fall to the five orphans of the said Testator for that shee is now lately married to Sir Thomas Dutton knight who although he be a very worthy gent yet it may be feared that he being a Marshall man may live beyond the seas or in the Countrey & soe out of the iurisdiccion & power of this court And by reason of his other great ymploymentes in Marshall affaires cannot soe well followe thexecucion of the said Testatores estate as/the same will necessarily require for the recoverie & getting in of the debtes owing to the said Testator and what daunger or losse may thereby fall out to the orphans may be very much suspected and feared And therefore to prevent that and other inconveniences that may hereafter happen to the orphans wee have had conference & treaty for a composicion with the said Sir Thomas Dutton together with the said Edward Browne and Frauncis Brittridg marchauntailor uncles to the said orphans and with Paule Garway gent grandfather to the said orphans by the mothers side who are their neerest freindes, and after many offers & profers made it is demaunded and stood upon by the said Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne his wief & either of them that for the relinquishment of the executorshipp or at the least of any further medling or dealing hereafter as Executrix there may be allowed unto them out of thestate of the said Testator the somme of mli [£1000] to be paid in manner following vizt vCli [£500] thereof presently in hand and other vCli [£500] at sixe monthes now next ensewing together with all the Testatores household stuff apparrell lynnen & plate whatsoever vallued at CClxli viijs viijd [£260. 8. 8.] and that lxx li [£70] may be remmitted and forgiven which was borrowed by the said Sir Thomas of the said Executrix sithence the decease of the said Testator and alsoe the somme of CCxij li js vd [£212. 1. 5.] by the said Executrix expended for the Mayntenance of her self & the said orphans sithence her husbandes decease in all amounting to the somme of one thousand VC li xlij li xs jd [£1542. 10. 1.] And thereupon the said Sir Thomas Dutton and dame Anne his wief are both contented to give securitie by themselves & the said Paule Garraway as their suertie not to meddle or deale any further in thexecucion of the last will & testament or to receive any part of the Testatores estate or debtes as are yet to be received either of them whereof the propertie hath been altered or those which remayne unvallued or to doe any thing hereafter to the preiudice of the same but they and either of them shall & will iustefie & avowe all lawfull accions & suites that shalbe brought in their names touching the same and doe performe such further/actes & assurances for the setling of the residue of thestate of the said Testator for the benefitt of his orphans as shalbe reasonably devised and required which demaund on the one side wee thinck to be very great to be drawne out of soe doubtfull & uncertaine an estate as now remayneth to be received of the Testators estate Nevertheless on the other side considering the danger that is like to come to the orphans of [if] thexecucion of the Testatores estate should not be undertaken by the said

Edward Browne the other executor who is a Citizen of a good worth and withall uncle to the orphans on the fathers side and by the reason of that affinitie should & doubtles doth care the good & welfare of the orphans being his brothers Children but should contynue & be left in the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Anne his wief Wee are of opynion & doe iudg it to be less daungerous & more fitter & safer for the orphans & soe doe the said Paule Garraway & Frauncis Brittridg that the demaundes aforesaid be yeelded & allowed unto the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Anne his wief out of the Testatores estate And that thereupon the said Edward Browne doe forthwith prove the said will and henceforth take upon him the sole execucion of the same And thereupon become bound in this court together with the said Frauncis Brittridg to be accompteable from tyme to tyme to and for the use of the said orphans for somuch of the Testatores estate as shalbe received or shall come to the handes of the said Edward Browne over & above the said somme to be paid & secured to the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne his wief as aforesaid upon which accompt and accomptes to to [sic] be made wee thinck it fitt and reasonable that the said Edward Browne shalbe allowed the said somme of ml vC xliij [sic] li xs jd [£1543. 10. 1.] so by them to be paid and allowed to the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne his wief out of the Testatores estate as aforesaid together with such reasonable chardges and expences as shall hereafter be laid forth by him the said Edward Browne touching or concerning the Testatores estate Nevertheles it is promised and agreed before us by the said Sir Thomas Dutton that he will become bound unto the said Edward Browne/that if it shall hereafter appeare upon the accomptes to be made and exhibited by the said Edward Browne or his executor or executores into this court, that the customary part porcion and legacy together with the allowance of a Chamber furnished due to the said Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne his wief in the right of the said Anne by the customes of this Cittie and the last will & testament of the said Thomas Browne shall not amount to the said somme of ml vC xlij li xs jd [£1542. 10. 1.] allowed to them the said Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne his wief out of the said Thomas Brownes estate as is aforesaid within such tyme as the Lord Maior and Aldermen of this Citty for the tyme being in a Court to be holden in the Guildhall of this Cittie shall thinck fitt to sett downe and appoint That then the said Sir Thomas Dutton his Executores Administratores or Assignes shall and will repaye unto the said Edward Browne his Executores or assignes to & for the use of the said orphans somuch lawfull money of England as shall appeare by the same Accomptes the said Sir Thomas Dutton hath or shall have received more then is due to him the same Sir Thomas Dutton & Anne his wief by such accomptes as is aforesaid, the same to be paid within sixe monethes next after the Lord Maior & Aldermen for the tyme being shall sett downe and appoint the same by an order in writing hereafter to be made in a Court to be holden in the Chamber of the Guildhall of this Cittie. And wee doe thinck it fitt and reasonable that the said Edward Browne & Frauncis Brittridg shalbecome bound unto the said Sir Thomas Dutton to save him & the said Dame Anne his wief harmelesse of & from all & every of the Creditores of the said Thomas Browne deceased for and concerning any debtes whatsoever owing by the said Thomas Browne at his decease & of & from the chardg and custody of the said orphans and also to be accompteable from tyme to tyme upon reasonable warning to this Court concerning the said Thomas Browne his estate and if it shall hereafter appeare upon any accompt to be made by the said Edward Browne thereof, that the part porcion & legacie of the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne his wief & allowance of her Chamber furnished shall amount unto more unto [than] the said somme of ml vCli xlij li xs jd [£1542. 10. 1.] to them allowed as is aforesaid that then the said Edward Browne/his Executores or assignes shall pay unto the said Sir Thomas Dutton his executors or assignes soe much more of lawfull money of England as shall exceede the somme of mvCxlij li xs jd [£1542. 10. 1.] within three monethes after the same shalbe lawfully found due to the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne his wief upon such Accompt or accomptes to be made as is aforesaid. All which neverthelesse wee leave to the further Consideracion & approbacion of your Lordshipp and worshipps to order as in your wisdome shall seeme fitt this xiijth of July 1614

Edward Rotheram Thomas Bennett Junior
Thomas Jones

The which Report being heere openly read was well liked & allowed of and ordered to be entered into the Repertory and in all thinges to be observed accordingly by the aforesaid parties.

22 *The Fortescue Papers*, ed. S. R. Gardiner (Camden Soc., N.S., 1871), 212–13. Puzzled by the "poor," Gardiner prints it "Yoors[?]," but comparison with Dutton's "y" as well as other signatures is conclusive.

23 Repertory 31 (2), fos. 386b–387:

Item this day upon a mocion made unto this court by Sir Thomas Dutton knight who hath lately married Dame Anne the late wief & executrix of the last will & testament of Thomas

Browne late Citizen & Mercer of London deceased and by Edward Browne Citizen & Grocer of London one other of thexecutores of the said last will & testament of the said Thomas Browne alleadging & shewing that there hath beene laid forth and expended by the said Dame Anne in her widowehood for about & concerning the said Testators estate the somme of Ccxlv li iijs vd [£245. 3. 5.] that is to say xx li [£20] thereof for household expenses for a moneth next after the said Testators decease other xx li [£20] thereof for household expences another moneth the said Testators widowe lying then in Childebed other x li [£10] thereof due by the said Testator at his decease to Christopher Rotheram for wages other x li [£10] thereof being likewise allowed and paid to the said Christopher Rotheram for his paynes taken about the getting in of the Testatores debtes and otherwise other v li [£5] due to the maid servant for wages before the Testatores/decease & otherwise sithence his decease other xxxviij li xs [£38. 10. –.] thereof being lost in the sale of the wares of the said testator being sold for lesse then the same were apprized at notwithstanding the same were sould for sixe sixe [sic] monethes tyme and the residue of the said somme of CCxlv li iijs vd [£245. 3. 5.] being Cxli li xiijs vd [£141. 13. 5.] hath beene laid forth & expended for the maytenance of the Testators wief & five Children sithence his decease now upon Consideracion had of the premises [?] by this Court Forasmuch as it appeareth by the Inventory of the Testatores estate exhibited into this Court that his present good estate would not satisfie his debtes by him owing at his decease and that it is credibly informed that the good estate will not as yet satisfie the same debtes and that by meanes thereof there hath beene noe benefitt made of the Testators estate sithence his decease for and towardes the mayntenance of his wief & Children It is ordered by this court that xl li [£40] parcell of the said somme of Ccxlv li iijs vd [£245. 3. 5.] shalbe allowed & borne by the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne his wief out of the Customary porcion of the said Dame Anne to her due out of the Testators estate and other l li [£50] thereof to be borne rateably by all the orphans of the said Testator out of their porcions to them due out of their said fathers estate and the residue thereof being Cxxxv [sic] li iijs vd [£135. 3. 5.] to be borne & allowed out of the whole estate of the said Testator upon Accompt thereof hereafter to be made by the said Edward Browne in this court for & concerning the said Testators estate Any matter or thing whatsoever conteyned or mencioned in a former Report or order thereupon made in this court the xiijth day of July now last past to the contrary thereof in any wise notwithstanding.

24 Repertory 31 (2), fos. 389b–390:

Item whereas Thomas Browne Mercer by his will appointed Anne his wief and Edward Browne his executors and dyed the said Anne alone proved the will and the said Edward Browne refused before the ordynarie And the said Anne remayning a widowe about nyne monethes shee appointed Frauncis Brittridge Marchauntailor & Christopher Rotheram Mercer to receave all debtes due to the Testator, and to pay debtes which were owing by him which they did accordingly And afterwardes the said Anne married with Sir Thomas Dutton knight betweene whome and the said Edward Browne it is agreed by & with the consent & order of this court that the said Sir Thomas Dutton and Dame Anne shall have a certaine porcion out of thestate of the said Thomas Browne and shall noe further intermedle as Executores and the said Edward Browne alone shall administer the residue of the said estate yet unadministred to the use of the orphans of the said Thomas Browne But forasmuch as the said Sir Thomas Dutton & Dame Anne/can make noe Accompt having neither received nor paid any of the said estate and that the said Edward Browne is as yet not to be chardged with the said Accompt It is ordered that the said Frauncis Brittrige & Christopher Rotheram shall forthwith make one or severall Accomptes in this court upon their othes of so much of thestate of the said Thomas Browne as came to their and either of their handes and shall thereupon deliver soe much thereof as shall appear to be in their handes (if any be) to the said Edward Browne to thend he shall & may be from thenceforth accompteable to this court for and on the behalf of the said orphans.

25 Repertory 31 (2), fos. 395b–396.

26 Repertory 31 (2), fo. 8.

27 Repertory 36, fo. 101.

28 Repertory 36, fo. 122b; Journal of the Court of Common Council 32, fo. 16a and 16b; Letter Book H.H., fo. 124a and 124b. Orphans' Recognizances 2, fo. 238a and 238b contains records of these recognizances. The most complete version is in the Letter Book; the recognitors bind themselves (fo. 124a) in the sum of £300, and (fo. 124b) in the sum of £240 for the payment of £200.

29 Repertory 38, fo. 181a.

30 Repertory 40, fo. 222b: "Item this daie the matter moved unto this court by Sir Thomas Dutton knight for and in behalfe of the orphans of Thomas Browne deceased is by this court referred to the hearing and consideration of Mr. Alderman Hamersley Mr. Alderman Parkhurst Mr. Alderman Moulson Mr. Alderman Heilinge and Mr. Comon Serjeant or any three or more

of them And they to examine the accomptes concerning thestate of the said deceased And certifie this court in writing under their handes how they find the same and their opinions."

31 Repertory 43, fo. 147, and Journal. The Repertory entry reads: "Item John Palmer Citizen and grocer of London and Anne his wife one of the daughters and late orphans of Thomas Browne late Citizen and Mercer of London deceased here present doe acknowledge themselves fully satisfied and paid of all such mony as groweth due unto them the said John Palmer and Anne his wife in the right of the said Anne for their owne parte and porcion by vertue of two severall Recognizances (vizt) the first wherein Edward Browne grocer with others stand bound for the payment of CCC li and the second wherein the same Recognitors stand bound for the payment of CC li. And therof they doe discharge this Court and the said Recognitors bound for the same."

32 London parish records quoted here and later, except for the parish record of Isleworth, are from typed and other records in the library of the Society of Genealogists, London.

33 Repertory 44, fos. 20b–21, and Letter Book.

34 Repertory 45, fos. 245b–246, and Letter Book.

35 Orphans Recognizances 5, fo. 58b.

36 Letter Book H.H., fo. 124a–124b, and Repertory 48, fo. 95a–95b.

37 Journal 36, fos. 215b–216. Drumlaham is variously spelled Drumlaha (by Price), Drumaha, Drumlahan.

38 Orphans Recognizances 5, fo. 209a–209b, and Journal 36, fos. 215b–216a. Jane Browne's signature is noticeably more literate than her sisters', Ellen's being equally illiterate.

39 Letter Book H.H., fo. 124, and Repertory 53, fos. 166b–167a.

40 One obvious question rises from the references to "finding and maintenance," a question I am not able to answer, although a systematic examination of orphanage accounts in this period should give evidence of the cost of living. Between 1620 and 1628 the Court books have interesting recurrent references to a running dispute which involved a larger estate than that of Thomas Browne. Nathaniel Garraway married a widow. Her brother, Dr. Richard Baskerville, presumably in the interest of the orphan, Richard, insisted on an accounting, and Garraway, proving recalcitrant, was committed to the sheriff and then to Newgate for obstinacy. This subdued him a little, but after sending in £679 to Dr. Baskerville for the use of the orphan, further trouble arose. In 1625 Nathaniel Garraway and his wife were allowed 40 marks (£30) a year for finding and education. In 1628 he asked for and was allowed £40 a year because the boy's portion was to be £2500 and more. Garraway was at this time a "gentleman" living at Weybridge in Surrey. Edward Browne was responsible for "finding money" for five children for a good many years. But we do not know what capital remained after the "doubtful and desperate" debts were settled.

41 Most of this information about Price is to be found in the *D.N.B.* or in the authorities referred to there. There are (unindexed) references in the life of Bedell, and a note states that Price's wife was a daughter of Sir Thomas Dutton. Actually, of course, she was a step-daughter. Vicars' *Index to Prerogative Wills of Ireland* (1897) gives the reference to Price's will.

42 Thomas Wentworth, Earl of Strafford, *Letters and Despatches* . . . (London, 1739), I, 144.

43 A. Wilson, *History of Great Britain, being the Life and Reign of James the First* (London, 1653), 49–50. Wilson speaks of Dutton as "a man of crabbed temper," but this may be merely appropriate characterization.

44 T. Carlyle, "Two Hundred and Fifty Years Ago" in *Miscellaneous Essays*, IV (London, 1899). Even in detail Carlyle is very much Wilson embellished, with amusing unconcern for "historical" accuracy. Wilson says Cheke "fell at his [Dutton's] feet" but that he died later; Carlyle alliterates this into "Cheke reels down dead in his rage."

45 *Memorials of the Duttons of Dutton* (London and Chester, 1901), 50–2.

46 Isleworth Parish Register, Sept. 4, 1575, christenings: "Thomas Dutton sonne of John Dutton gent"; John Dutton was probably the son of Fulke Dutton, mayor of Chester in 1537. On the large wall map of the Isleworth area at Syon House there is no indication of Duttons, but other families of some position are also absent.

47 W. A. Shaw, *Knights of England* (London, 1906), II, 118. But described as "of Chesire."

48 J. Foster, *Register of Admissions* (Feb. 26, 1605).

49 Hist. MSS. Comm., *MSS. of the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry* (1899), I, 58.

50 John Nichols, *Progresses of . . . James I* (1828), II, 24, with a note misdescribing him.

51 Hist. MSS. Comm., *MSS. of the Duke of Buccleugh and Queensberry*, I, 65.

52 *The Letters of Elizabeth Queen of Bohemia*, compiled by L. M. Baker (London, 1953), 75.

53 Bodley, MS. Ballard II, fo. 7. Printed with errors in *Duttons of Dutton*, 63.

54 *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1608–1610, 432. The actual patent is somewhat later.
55 *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1611–1614, 274.
56 There are discussions of Dutton's "entertainment" in *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1615–1625, 422 (P.R.O., S.P. 237/40) and *ibid.*, 1625–1632, 195. In 1622 Dudley Digges, writing to Buckingham (see n. 58) runs over the vertues and weaknesses of the Irish officers and refers to Sir Thomas Dutton, "well known to your Lordship as Scoutmaster . . . who by way of pension holds five hundred and fourteen pounds eleven shillings."
57 *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1611–1614, 239.
58 Bodley, M.S. Carte 30, fo. 119.
59 *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1625–1632, 195.
60 *Ibid.*, 478.
61 B.M., MS. Sloane 3827.
62 B.M., MS. Harley 7007. Printed in Wilkin (I, lvii) from Birch's *Life of Henry Prince of Wales* (1760), and much more accurately in Dalton's *Life and Times of General Sir Edward Cecil* (1855).
63 Hist. MSS. Comm., *MSS. of Lord de l'Isle and Dudley*, 216; *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1603–1610, 627. Sir Thomas Lake's letter is printed in full in *Duttons of Dutton*, 55–6. Viscount Lisle also wrote about it to Lady Lisle; Sir William Constable and Thomas Scriven to the Earl of Rutland; Sir John Throckmorton to Viscount Lisle; John More to Sir William Trumble. Later the same correspondents write of the duel which resulted. References are to be found in relevant Hist. MSS. Comm. volumes. G. B. Harrison briefly records both quarrel and duel in *A Second Jacobean Journal* (London, 1958), 217, 255.
64 Hist. MSS. Comm., *MSS. of the Duke of Rutland*, I, 426.
65 *Duttons of Dutton*, 56; Cecil Papers at Hatfield, CXVIII, 142.
66 Hist. MSS. Comm., *MSS. of the Lord de l'Isle and Dudley*, 233, Michael Everard to Sir William Browne.
67 *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1611–1618, 44; printed in full in *Duttons of Dutton*, 57.
68 Isleworth Parish Register. Elizabeth christened Feb. 23, 1622, and buried April 15, 1622; Lucie christened Nov. 21, 1623. According to MS. Harley 1551, fo. 72 (and printed in *Pub. Harl. Soc.* 65, 103) Lucy as well as Elizabeth died young.
69 John Chamberlain, *Letters*, ed. N. E. McClure. *Memoirs of the American Philos. Soc.* (Philadephia, 1939), II, 129.
70 *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1619–1623, 71. Sir Gerard Herbert to Sir Dudley Carleton.
71 By an odd coincidence another Captain Thomas Dutton (also with a wife Anne) was by 1619 settled with his wife and family and a number of English tenants on a grant of 2,000 acres on the coast of Donegal. I mention this here because it was only after following a number of time-consuming false trails that I discovered that this was another Dutton.
72 *Cal. S.P. Ireland*, 1615–1625, 300.
73 Fourteen forts are mentioned in the early documents. In 1627 he is confirmed in the possession (in free and common soccage) of Drumruske in Leitrim, Clonagh or Clone, Liffer "the King's fort" in Donegal, Moirie Castle, and Charlemont in Armagh; Cloghowter in Cavan, Toome in Antrim, Monaghan in Monaghan, Innishkyllen in Fermanagh, Conagh Drumcouske in Leitrim, "and all other inland forts in either Ulster or Connaught not formerly granted in fee farm or fee tail." Browne's expedition with his step-father would have taken him through a good part of Northern Ireland, Dutton's estate at Rathcline in Longford being the furthest point south.
74 *Inquisitionum in officio rotulorum cancellariae hiberniae repertorium* I (1826); 12 Car. I, Sept. 13, 1634.
75 Account of survey in B.M., MS. Sloane 4756, fo. 124b ff.; also Trin. Coll. Dublin, MS. 672. Grants in *Cal. Chancery and Close Rolls*, Ireland, Charles I, 1625–33, 251, memb. 13.
76 *Cal. S.P. Dom.*, 1623–1625, 437 and 439–40. The letter to Pembroke is printed in *Duttons of Dutton*, 60–1. Like many others of his time Dutton "presents his humble duty" to Lady Bedford.
77 *Fortescue Papers*, ed. S. R. Gardiner, Camden Soc., N.S., 1, 1871, 212. Also printed in *Duttons of Dutton*, 62–3.
78 *Cal. S.P., Ireland*, 1625–1632. Abbreviated and modernized from the actual letters in the P.R.O., especially from S.P. 63/249, fos. 296–7, 300 (not indexed in *Cal.*), 312, and S.P. 63/250, fos. 70, 186.
79 Strafford's *Letters and Despatches* (1739), I, 262.
80 *Ibid.*, 265. On the day of Dutton's death Lord Baltimore wrote to the Lord Deputy asking for Dutton's captaincy for a relative. *Ibid.*, 257.
81 *Ibid.*, 309, 348.
82 A. Vicars, *Index to Prerogative Wills of Ireland* (1897).

83 Trin. Coll. Dublin, Longford Depositions, fos. 134, 203–4, 214b; Roscommon Depositions, fo. 2. Reference to one of these depositions is made by Miss Hickson in her *Ireland in the Seventeenth Century*, 356.

84 Lane Papers, Nat. Lib., Dublin; as yet uncatalogued. A certificate by Colonel Vernon, dated Sept. 21, 1661, in which reference is made to the barony of Rathcline which Sir George Lane "had formerly purchased from one Mr. Thomas Dutton." Further on the latter is referred to as "Thos. Dutton Esq. son and heir of Sir Thomas Dutton." The Book of Survey and Distribution for County Longford shows the Manor of Lisduffe as belonging to Lord Barnwall, and the Manor of Rathcline as belonging to Sir George Lane by Certificate and Patent under the Acts of Settlement and Explanation, 1660–6. The bond for £1500 referred to earlier in illustration of Dutton's habitual insolvency is in the Lane papers, but there are no other Dutton documents.

Review Article

Romantic Heresy and Critical Orthodoxy*

Romanticism itself may still be a literary heresy in some quarters, but heretical books *about* English Romantic poetry are hard to write these days. The reason is obvious enough. After all, there is no longer any critical line on the Romantics that deserves to be called orthodox. If a critic wants to assume the existence of such a line (whether for attack or defence), his best policy is to sponsor one of those rare Romantics about whom there yet clings some well-established critical tradition and make him the norm for the whole. I can think of only two usable choices: Coleridge as critic and Keats as poet, with Blake serving as a popular but somewhat recalcitrant third. What was heretical about F. W. Bateson's notorious "reinterpretation" of Wordsworth was not its biographical peccadilloes, but its insistence that the Wordsworth of whom Coleridge approved in the *Biographia Literaria* was only a part of the Wordsworth who mattered, and maybe not the best part at that. What was heretical about the Romantic volume in H. N. Fairchild's history of religious trends in English poetry was not his predictable distress at man's proud trust in the fallen human imagination, but his staunch refusal to use Keats as a stick to beat the other poets with. When Mr. Fairchild calls on Keats, the Christian humanist *manqué* of much modern criticism refuses to appear.

More orthodox critics, by using Keats as a norm, are being very Keatsian indeed. He too liked to measure his contemporaries against himself, sometimes directly, sometimes merely by implication: contrasting his own lack of a poetical character with Wordsworth's sublime egotism, his description of what he imagined with Byron's of what he saw, the hoarding of his own tightly-packed artistic ore with the magnanimous diffusion of Shelley's. David Perkins, author of *The Quest for Permanence*, a study of the symbolism of Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, is a Harvard Keatsian, and therefore very orthodox indeed; he is also a remarkably tolerant and undogmatic one. But Keats is unmistakably the hero of the book; his massive human presence makes Wordsworth seem incoherent and Shelley insubstantial, and both of them inhuman.

What most convinces Mr. Perkins about Wordsworth is not his quest for permanence or the symbols by which he attains a degree of success in it, but the situation which makes the quest necessary: Wordsworth's "sense of the gulf between human nature, with all of its greedy demands, its turbulent assertions, its often chaotic passions, and the rest of nature." This is the negative basis of Wordsworth's quest, and Mr. Perkins makes it seem a very real and demanding basis indeed. But (he goes on to argue) in the quest

*See page 216 for bibliography of books discussed in this article.

itself the symbols refuse to meet the demands made of them, or at least the demands *we* make of them. They either fall apart or petrify. In the end, when we ask for a symbol, Wordsworth gives us a stone. It is hard to be sure just what Mr. Perkins finds most convincing about Shelley, whom he discusses with a willing suspension of disapproval that never becomes critical faith. Obviously not the symbols. If the objects at the end of Wordsworth's quest divide and harden, Shelley's multiply and dissolve. They are either so various and interchangeable as to have no character at all, or so abstract as to be virtually invisible. It is only when Mr. Perkins at last reaches Keats that he finds symbols which seem solid and organic and unified enough to offer human beings at least an illusion of permanence. Of course, the Keatsian symbol sometimes refuses to stand still: the blissful-baleful mistress of *La Belle Dame* or *Lamia* demonstrates that. And in the Nightingale and Grecian Urn odes (as Mr. Perkins points out in some of his best pages), the symbols are not so much presented as explored, tested, and to some degree found wanting. But this refusal to be taken in by his own symbols is seen as evidence of Keats's strength. The Keats of Mr. Perkins' book, a clear-eyed tester of symbols, succeeds in his quest by proving the limited extent to which success is possible.

On Wordsworth and Shelley Mr. Perkins is more convincing when he describes and discriminates than when he explains and judges. His account of the surface materials and mannerisms of Shelley's style is sound, brilliant, and comprehensive. The remarks on Shelley's ethical and millennarian hopes are another matter. "An earthly utopia seemed easy to imagine and not impossible to achieve. Of course, as he grew older he experienced a gradual loss of hope, but these dreams were never wholly relinquished. There was no real sense of the obstacles in the way." Mr. Perkins does not seem well acquainted enough with Shelley's Furies, or perhaps he forgets that 1818 is not Wordsworth's blissful dawn. Shelley's humanism is a last-ditch stand, a desperate refusal to surrender in a world made safe for pessimism, a hope created out of its own wreck. Mr. Perkins' pages on *Prometheus Unbound* are unenterprising and a bit naïve. I doubt also whether Keats is a good norm for judging Wordsworth's symbolism. Mr. Perkins shows the dualism of Wordsworth's child-symbols with admirable clarity; the aesthetic grounds on which he disapproves of such dualism are far less convincing. Blest seer and spoiled darling, liar and oracle, nature spirit and cottage girl—surely the central figures of the Ode, *Anecdote for Fathers*, and *We are Seven* are aesthetically stronger for their very failure to be one. So are figures whom Mr. Perkins does not discuss: the leech-gatherer, alternating between an economic and a visionary problem, or the narrator of *The Thorn*, who is both a superstitious, garrulous old fool and a kind of primitive poet, struggling to construct an impressive effect out of a few simple elements. Mr. Perkins prefers the symbols to stay whole while the poet splits (*Do I wake or sleep?*), as in Keats's "poetry of symbolic debate." In other words, the *Ode to a Nightingale* stands at the end of the quest. As the song of the bird fades away, Mr. Perkins draws the moral: symbolism is not enough. It is the epitaph of the Romantic quest, and perhaps of his own book as well.

Like most people these days, Mr. Perkins finds Keats's method dramatic. Bernice Slote,

in *Keats and the Dramatic Principle*, devotes an entire book to saying everything that can be said about the dramatic Keats. Inevitably the chaff outweighs the grain, but Miss Slote has a sense of proportion, and, as a poet, she is aware of how undogmatic one must be about anyone else's poetic process. In the first section she collects all the evidence for Keats's dramatic temperament: its chameleon-like flexibility, its fierce dispute of contraries, its paradoxical equilibrium. In the second she presents Keats as drama critic, playgoer, and playwright, analysing the reviews he published, the plays he saw, and the plays he (in part) wrote. Finally, she examines *Lamia* at length, as Keats's most dramatic poem. Miss Slote's psychological evidence is a good deal more convincing than her practical. Principle aside, the best proof of dramatic talent is not a theory about "negative capability" (of doubtful origin and validity), nor those internal conflicts and alternations of mood which few poets lack, but the ability to write convincing dialogue and the sense of an audience larger than a coterie. Most readers will agree that in Keats's narratives (outside of *La Belle Dame*), as soon as the characters engage in dialogue, the writing loses most of its virtues; and *Lamia* and *The Fall of Hyperion* are no different from their predecessors. The letters show more signs of dramatic talent than the poems, but not in the direction of *Otho the Great*, *King Stephen*, and their possible successors. No one is likely to forget that wonderful parlour scene between Hunt, Hazlitt, Ollier, and others which Keats conjures up, complete with dialogue, for his distant brother and sister-in-law. "I shall insinuate some of these Creatures into a Comedy some day," he remarks. Miss Slote wonders "where Keats's talent for fooling might have led him if he had tried comedy," but she dismisses the speculation quickly, too quickly it seems to me. In Keats's early death we lost no potential tragedian or poetic dramatist; we may have lost a firstrate writer of prose comedy.

However, Miss Slote certainly makes a skilful case for Keats's dramatic temperament and for the importance of the Regency stage (particularly its pantomimes and "Easterns") as a background to his poetry. But the last seventy pages, centring on *Lamia*, are the most impressive part of the book. The materials of Keats's poem are rich and inexhaustible; the poem itself, however, is comparatively thin: Keats misses a good many opportunities, for better or for worse. Miss Slote's study, by placing *Lamia* in the fullest possible context, allows her readers to decide for themselves how thoroughly Keats has been able to explore the possibilities of his subject. Her own attention is mainly on dramatic ambiguity and impersonality, but her source-study certainly transcends her thesis. The traditional backgrounds (as she provides them) excuse any amount of ambiguity in the presentation of Lycius, Lamia, and Apollonius, and the possible complexities of their three-way relationship seem endless. Keats explores many of these possibilities in creating Lamia, but skimps on Lycius and (in particular) Apollonius. Burton himself (as Miss Slote observes) associates Apollonius in one place with Simon Magus and other wicked magicians. But Keats allows the demonic side of Apollonius to appear only in Lycius' accusations. The intensity with which Lamia and the mage react to one another and the potential rivalry between Lycius and Apollonius are never explored. And what about the

"death" of Lamia? Is she really an Undine, as Woodhouse claimed and Miss Slote at least suggests, gaining a soul but forfeiting her immortality by loving Lycius? Or was Keats telling Woodhouse what is only half-told in the poem? Miss Slote's very interesting book makes it difficult for the reader to distinguish between *Lamia* as it is and *Lamia* as it might have been.

The two books already examined are urbane and a bit impassive. Mr. Perkins refuses to argue with anybody, and Miss Slote is usually content to watch Keats arguing with himself. Harold Bloom's *Shelley's Mythmaking* belongs to another academic world. It is a tough, shaggy, parenthetical, self-conscious book. To read it through, arguing every point with its honest and opinionated author, is an admirable education in understanding Shelley. Mr. Bloom's terminology is a trifle unexpected, but need distract no one. Following Martin Buber, he distinguishes I-Thou relationships from I-It relationships; he then uses the distinction as a tool for examining Shelley. For example, of Emily, the Thou of *Epipsychidion*, and her struggle with images, he writes: "the Thou has no bounds, is unconditioned, and cannot therefore be placed in a context of space and time. But images are necessarily bounded and conditioned, and belong to the universe of It." No doubt the despised "Platonizers" could have said the same thing equally well; but, if Mr. Bloom's terms are made to work (and they usually are), then the reader has no ground for complaint. Of course, few Romantics could resist saying "O Thou" to almost anything, and in his unwary or wilful moments Mr. Bloom is likely to mistake the pronoun for the myth. But his troubles with the Thou's of *Mont Blanc* are more than balanced by his success with the West Wind. His frame of reference helps him to rescue the complexities of the Ode (particularly in sections four and five) from the one-sided interpretations of earlier critics.

Mr. Bloom's favourite measuring stick among the English poets is not Keats but Blake. Indeed, at moments he gives the impression that he would really like to be writing a book on Blake and (having unfortunately been forestalled) is now making the best of a second-best choice. In the chapters on *Prometheus Unbound* and *The Sensitive Plant*, Blake's Orc-Urizen cycle and his state of Beulah are millstones around Mr. Bloom's neck, as Buber's terms rarely are. The book is at its striking best on *The Triumph of Life* and *The Witch of Atlas*, which Mr. Bloom goes so far as to call "Shelley's best long poem, the most individual and original of his visions, and the supreme example of mythmaking poetry in English. In it the Spenserian tradition culminates, more gloriously even than it does in Blake." In the pages on the departure of the nymphs and on the Hermaphrodite, he writes criticism worthy of his high opinion of the poem.

Bernard Blackstone manages to unite Blake and Keats into a single Romantic norm. Some years ago he published *English Blake*, and now we have *The Consecrated Urn* on Keats. At the end of its Preface he announces: "in a book which I hope will follow this I intend to discuss the Romantic movement as a disintegration and reintegration, Blake presenting a synthesis which breaks up in Wordsworth, Coleridge, Byron, and Shelley to be restored, as far as was permitted, in Keats." *The Consecrated Urn* is a remarkable

book; it is also certain to be undervalued by most readers. The commentary is overlaid with a stupefying wealth of sources and analogues, most of them unconvincing. The most tenuous connections are explored at length (for example, between *Endymion* and *Manfred*). And Mr. Blackstone is over-eager to place Keats in the Hermetic, neo-Platonic, alchemical, occultist tradition. No idea or image is too commonplace to serve as evidence of occult influence. But beneath this distracting disguise exists a very perceptive and discriminating critic, who is also a delight to read. We see very little of him in the first section (on Keats's "vast idea," which turns out to be a system of cosmic analogy) or in the second (on *Endymion*, which stimulates Mr. Blackstone's worst excesses). But the third and last section begins with a superb chapter on *Hyperion*, and from this point the perceptive critic dominates the special pleader. Even in the final chapter, where Mr. Blackstone develops his favourite theory of Keats as a poet of growth exhibiting what he calls "phase-beauty," the evidence is marshalled with a brilliance and fullness that command assent.

Both Mr. Bloom and Mr. Blackstone are long on analogy and short on history, and so is Mr. Perkins, despite the pages in which (rather perfunctorily) he tries to present a historical motivation for his poets' quest. Earl Wasserman is both a historian of ideas and a critical explicator of poems. He aims to make the best of both roles and exemplifies in his work the combination of scholarly traditions that we have lately come to expect from Johns Hopkins. *The Subtler Language*, his third book, explores the "syntactic energies" and "symbolic patterns" which "interanimate" the "self-sufficient universe" of three neo-classical poems (by Dryden, Denham, and Pope) and three Romantic ones (all by Shelley). But it also tries to demonstrate and explain the historical shift from poems which "constitute" a universe out of a preconceived system, to poems which, by exploring and constituting their own system, extend the boundaries of syntax and create (in Shelley's words) "a subtler language within language." Mr. Wasserman calls this a shift from a lyrical to a dramatic mode and asserts its dependence on a parallel shift in the history of ideas: from the world-picture which Tillyard termed Elizabethan to the private snapshots of the nineteenth century.

The historical thesis is vigorously argued in the central chapter of the book, where Mr. Wasserman prepares to leave the lyrical mode and turn to the dramatic. One difficulty is that the poems analysed before and after this chapter seem to have been chosen more because Mr. Wasserman knows how to read them exhaustively and brilliantly than because they provide the most convincing test of his argument. If, as he claims, the organizing principle of *Cooper's Hill* and *Windsor Forest* is *concordia discors* (a great favourite in Baltimore, it seems), the logical next step would be to analyse some nineteenth-century poems whose organizing principle is also *concordia discors* (not too hard to find surely) and then to show that these dramatic poems, unlike *Cooper's Hill* or *Windsor Forest*, do not use the principle as a central axiom, but create it privately in the very process of exemplifying it. By contrasting the lyrical with the dramatic use of the same principle (whether *concordia discors* or something else), Mr. Wasserman could

prevent the reader from confusing a contrast in modes with a contrast in organizing principles. In *The Subtler Language* the historian and the explicator are yoked with some violence together. I would like to see a real history of Romantic poetry from Mr. Wasserman. No one is better qualified to write it.

In their concentrated, high-powered way, the individual analyses in *The Subtler Language* are very exciting to read; one looks forward to their effect on future students of Shelley; the criticism of *Adonais* and *The Sensitive Plant* ought never to be the same again. But the poems as they emerge at the end of Mr. Wasserman's chapters have a silence and a wholeness about them that is a bit disconcerting. "That's being too organic"—as Byron might have said. I miss the friction between the parts of the machine. But some of the reader's uneasiness may come not from the nature of the emergent poem, but from the uniformity of Mr. Wasserman's critical tone, its urbane but inexorable air of conviction. Any extended piece of criticism exists on different levels of plausibility. While some statements may be certain or necessary, others will be likely, possible, worth consideration, conceivable, far-fetched, and so forth. The tone of discourse should shift for each level and be more or less tentative or dogmatic accordingly. When a piece of criticism is made to seem equally plausible or necessary throughout, it loses much of its plausibility as a whole. The reader ends up with the difficult choice between all and nothing at all. *The Subtler Language* is one of the few books of which one can say that they are almost too good to be true. (MILTON WILSON)

The following books are considered in this article:

Bernard Blackstone, *The Consecrated Urn: an Interpretation of Keats in Terms of Growth and Form.* Toronto: Longmans, Green & Company. 1959. Pp. xv, 426. $9.00.

Harold Bloom, *Shelley's Mythmaking.* "Yale Studies in English," 141. New Haven: Yale University Press [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern, Ltd.]. 1959. Pp. x, 280. $5.00.

David Perkins, *The Quest for Permanence: The Symbolism of Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats.* Cambridge: Harvard University Press [Toronto: S. J. Reginald Saunders & Co., Ltd.]. 1959. Pp. xii, 305. $7.25.

Bernice Slote, *Keats and the Dramatic Principle.* Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern, Ltd.]. 1958. Pp. viii, 229. $4.50.

Earl R. Wasserman, *The Subtler Language: Critical Readings of Neoclassic and Romantic Poems.* Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins Press [Toronto: Burns and MacEachern, Ltd.]. 1959. Pp. vi, 362. $6.00.

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